National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

ANOTHER VILE ABOLITION OUTRAGE.

From the Southern (Tenn.) Atlas.

In the list of passengers per the steamer Ariel, which arrived at New York on Wednesday last from Aspinwall, we find the names of Mrs. Beverly L. Clark, child and infant.

Mrs. Clark is the widow of our late Minister to Guatemala, who died in the capital of that Republic, March 17th.

Mrs. Clark took passage in the Ariel, Captain Minor, which sailed from Aspinwall, April 9th. She had with her, besides her two little children, a very likely young mulatto female slave, who had been raised in her family, had been with her during all her residence in Guatemala, and had proved herself a very faithful and devoted servant. Soon after the Ariel got out to sea, this Captain Minor sought an interview with Mrs. Clark, and in the most friendly terms desired her to consider herself under his care and protection during the voyage, requesting her to make known to him any of her wants, and assuring her of his utmost protection and attentions. By his politeness of manner, and seemingly sincere professions, he won her confidence to such a degree as to draw from her, in repeated conversations, among other things, an expression of apprehension about losing her servant in New York, and the plan she had formed to avoid such a serious privation, which she intended to adopt upon her arrival in that city. This plan was, to transfer herself immediately to some Southern steamer, in which she designed taking passage for her home, in Tennessee. The steward of the Ariel, a colored man, also waited upon her soon after leaving Aspinwall, and desired her permission to introduce her servant girl to the stewardess (also colored), to which Mrs. Clark replied that such a ceremony was unnecessary, as they would certainly have frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted on the way.

The steamer at last reached New York; and before even the gang-plank was thrown out, the colored steward, with the girl, leaped ashore, and disappeared, thus leaving Mrs. Clark with an infant in her arms, and another small child besides, entirely destitute of a servant to render her the necessary assistance in time of need. After experiencing all the inconveniences of so unexpected a loss, she embarked on the steamer Roanoke for City Point, having succeeded, before leaving New York, in securing the services of an Irish woman for her journey home. She reached this city on Saturday morning, and, after breakfasting at the Bollingbrook Hotel, took the South Side train for Lynchburg, whence she will proceed to Tennessee.

The above particulars of this new atrocity of the New York abolitionists we have derived from a highly-respectable English gentleman who was a passenger on the Roanoke with Mrs. Clark, who heard from her own lips the narrative of the outrage, and who spoke of it to us in the extremest terms of denunciation.

In this case we have another illustration of the Greeley and Giddings code of ethics, which, we hesitate not to say, is, in turpitude and scoundrelism, not a whit inferior to that which was the rule of action with the most abandoned buccaneers that ever figured in the annals of crime. "Slavery," falsely say these Satanic emissaries, "is the sum of all villanies." But in what terms can that system be adequately described that openly teaches and practically shows contempt for all laws—in which are embodied doctrines and precepts alike subversive of human and divine government—which inculcates, as cardinal duties, theft, treason, and wholesale murder—a system, in fine, which ignores all virtues, depraves the intellect, debauches the heart, crushes the conscience, unchains the malignant passions, and would hurl society into chaos? This is but a faint picture of the hideous aspects of abolitionism of the Greeley and Giddings stripe. It is the substance and perfection of all that is diabolical upon earth, the quintessence of infernal malignity, such as envenoms the bosoms and tongues and purposes of the fiends of the bottomless pit.

In the light of the slave-theft which we have just been noticing, we ask the people of the city of New York, where it was committed, of what avail are the conservative meetings, protestations and pledges which have recently been paraded there, if so flagitious an outrage is not and cannot be punished? Why cannot the rascals who thus disgrace humanity be caught and dealt with as they ought to be? Are the abolition thieves and ruffians forever to rule that city? Is there not spirit enough in the majority of her citizens to seize the wretches and drag them to justice? We leave these questions to the consideration of those in the great emporium who profess to be conservatives and friends of the South, and who, numerically, are vastly superior to the abolition foe led on by the Apollyons of the *Tribune* and Church of the Puritans.

MODERN PHILANTHROPY ILLUSTRATED.

From the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

The following has been handed to us for publication, and, if true, which we have no reason to doubt, only illustrates what we believe to be a nearly universal fact, to wit, that the whole posse of abolition fanatics are as destitute of the milk of human kindness as they charge the slaveholder to be. Gerrit Smith is said to be a liberal, whole-hearted man, and they have made him bleed freely; but for the rest of the pack, a meaner-souled and more brutal crew cannot be found. If they were slave-owners, they have indicated their record in some of the creatures of their own fancy.

And who should be surprised at such a declaration of fact? True charity is a meek, forbearing, forgiving, unobtrusive virtue. She has no use for maledictions, Sharp's rifles, or Brown's pikes; and your cursing, slaying, abolition bigot is just as fit an exponent of her spirit as the conquering Moslem was of Christianity. The Turk embruted himself in the dissemination of truth and the law of love, as he understood it; and your fanatical abolitionist is a veritable demon with his philanthropy. Mrs. Child wanted to fly to the bedside of the wounded assassin, John Brown, in the very spirit of this false philanthropy—not, in truth, to do a work of mercy, but to gain the notoriety of identifying her name with the Brown raid. But when true humanity, nay, the natural promptings of parental affection, appealed to her in behalf of a sick daughter, they appealed in vain—because there was no *eclat* in nursing an afflicted child. Mrs. Child illustrates her class.

"A DAUGHTER OF MRS. MARIA L. CHILD IN THE SOUTH—HOW SHE WAS TREATED.—Whilst travelling through Pointe Coupee parish, a short time since (says a correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*), I learned of an event connected with old Osawatomie Brown which I think should be published, and accordingly I give it, upon the authority of a most estimable lady, and the lovely wife of one of the leading gentlemen of Pointe Coupee.

"It is this: that Mrs. Maria L. Child, the would-be sympathizer and nurse of the old rascal Brown, had a maiden daughter teaching in the family of Col. Lee, of Mississippi, some years ago, who, after some ten years' residence in the South, became a confirmed invalid, from an affection of the spine. Perfectly unable to assist herself, and disliking to become a pensioner upon the bounty of the gentleman who had so nobly assisted her, she wrote to her mother, requesting her to furnish her with means, and send or come after and return with her to her home in Boston. To this letter, and to numerous other letters from the same source, Mrs. Child paid no heed, choosing to falsify all those humane principles that she has pleaded so eloquently for old Brown, and clearly showing a want of the most common affection and humanity for her daughter.

"Furthermore, Col. Lee, upon removing from the parish in which he resided at the time Miss Child was taken with this affection of the spine, upon learning that the lady could not be removed from her bed, provided, in the articles of sale of his premises, that board and a room be furnished and appropriated to the sole use of this lady, during her natural life; that she should have the use of a servant, and be provided with an annuity of some two or three hundred dollars. This was all voluntary on the part of the gentleman. Mrs. Maria L. Child, of Boston, the would-be enthusiast and abolition sympathizer, has indeed most nobly repaid the noble kindness of Col. Lee. This statement is a fact, and abundant vouchers can be furnished if necessary. Mrs. Child appears to have taken a very strong lesson in buncombe from Hon. W. H. Seward and his like, and has succeeded admirably in bamboozling the learned ones of the Athens City with her affected sympathy for Old Brown.

"Bring out the facts, and show the really conservative people of the North (and I know there are many) the true character and purpose of that class of agitators and radical reformers to which Mrs. Child belongs, and among whom she is an important and shining light! Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel."

[*The New Orleans Picayune*, in which this slander upon Mrs. Child originated, was constrained, long since, to take it all back; but it was lately reproduced as above in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, a paper which serves the Slave Power under the cloak of "evangelical" piety, doing its dirty work with almost unrivalled sagacity. It is a sufficient answer to the vile story to say that Mrs. Child never had a daughter.—*Ed. Standard*.]

THE NEW DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

The following are the resolutions introduced into the Senate by Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, which have just passed that body after a long discussion:

1. Resolved, That, in the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the States adopting the same acted severally as free and independent sovereignties, delegating a portion of their powers to be exercised by the Federal Government for the increased security of each against dangers, domestic as well as foreign; and that any intermeddling by any one or more States, or by a combination of their citizens, with the domestic institutions of the others, on any pretext, whether political, moral or religious, with the view to their disturbance or subversion, is in violation of the Constitution, insulting to the States so interfered with, endangers their domestic peace and tranquillity—objects for which the Constitution was formed—and by necessary consequence serves to weaken and destroy the Union itself.

2. Resolved, That negro slavery, as it exists in fifteen States of this Union, composes an important portion of their domestic institutions, inherited from their ancestors and existing at the adoption of the Constitution, by which it is recognized as constituting an important element of the apportionment of powers among the States; and that no change of opinion or feeling on the part of the non-slaveholding States of the Union, in relation to this institution, can justify them or their citizens in open and systematic attacks thereon with a view to its overthrow; and that all such attacks are in manifest violation of the mutual and solemn pledges to protect and defend each other, given by the States respectively on entering into the constitutional compact which formed the Union, and are a manifest breach of faith and a violation of the most solemn obligations.

3. Resolved, That the Union of these States rests on the equality of rights and privileges among its members, and that it is especially the duty of the Senate, which represents the States in their sovereign capacity, to resist all attempts to discriminate, either in relation to person or property, so as in the Territories—which are the common possession of the United States—to give advantages to the citizens of one State which are not equally secured to those of every other State.

4. Resolved, That neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature, whether by direct legislation or legislation of an indirect and unfriendly nature, possesses the power to annul or impair the constitutional right of any citizen of the United States to take his slave property into the common Territories; but it is the duty of the Federal Government there to afford for that, as for other species of property, the needful protection; and if experience should at any time prove that the judiciary does not possess power to insure adequate protection, it will then become the duty of Congress to supply such deficiency.

5. Resolved, That the inhabitants of an organized Territory of the United States, when they rightfully form a Constitution to be admitted as a State into the Union, may then, for the first time—like the people of a State when forming a new Constitution—decide for themselves whether slavery, as a domestic institution, shall be maintained or prohibited within their jurisdiction; and if Congress shall admit them as a State, "they shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission."

6. Resolved, That the provision of the Constitution for the rendition of fugitives from service or labor, "without the adoption of which the Union could not have been formed," and the laws of 1793 and 1850, which were enacted to secure its execution, and the main features of which being similar, bear the impress of nearly seventy years of sanction by the highest judicial authority, have unquestionable claim to the respect and observance of all who enjoy the benefits of our compact of Union; and that the acts of State Legislatures to defeat the purpose or nullify the requirements of that provision and the law made in pursuance of it, are hostile in character, subversive of the Constitution, revolutionary in their effect, and, if persisted in, must, sooner or later, lead the States injured by such breach of the compact to exercise their judgment as to the proper mode and measure of redress.

REV. DANIEL WORTH.

From The Christian (!) Intelligencer.

We quite agree with *The Tribune*, that martyrdom is a very serious thing, and ought not to be cheapened. "We have no respect for rose-water martyrdom," says our contemporary, to which we say, Amen. Hence our inability to perceive any special reasons for making a to-do over the case of the Rev. Daniel Worth, who seems to have courted persecution, and by his foolish boasting invited Southern attention to his incendiary mission. Be this, however, as it may, our design in introducing his name in these columns is to show the fatuity, if not something worse, of the Boston Notion Tract Society. That abolition concern has loudly boasted it had circulated or granted for the Southern field nearly twenty dollars' worth of tracts. Their principal agent was the Rev. Daniel Worth, whose letter to the Boston Tract Society we reproduce as an instructive illustration of the manner in which abolition emissaries contrive to get themselves into trouble:

"I hasten to answer your inquiries. The portion of the South in which I labor is wonderfully opened for the reception of anti-slavery truth. I am a native of this State, and have faithfully preached an uncompromising gospel at every point of my work. Not satisfied, however, with mere verbal effort, I determined to introduce anti-slavery books. Many thought this hazardous in the extreme, in view of the abominable laws on that subject, and greatly feared my inthralment. I maintained that he that will not risk something for Christ is not worthy of him; he that will save his life shall lose it, etc.; and the success far exceeded my expectations. These books were circulated at first rather covertly; but, greatly disliking this covert operation, I came out boldly, disdaining all concealment, and now my book agencies are probably doing more than I have been able to do by preaching. Among these books, I have circulated fifty copies of the 'Impending Crisis' of the South, by Helper, which takes like fire in dry stubble. An ex-Governor of North Carolina, a man of unrivalled popularity, has one of these copies (he is a large slaveholder), and J. A. Gilmer, member for this district in Congress, has another; and now, for all this defiance of slavery and slave laws, your humble servant has hardly heard a threat. Is not this wonderful? Is it not the hand of Him who has said, 'The wrath of man shall praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain?' Devoutly thankful, I trust, my soul is to my God, for these signal mercies; and now let me say to the American Tract Society, through you, its officer, that I have no doubt of our ability to distribute successfully at least 5,000 tracts such as those to which you allude. Our agencies to do this will be mainly our anti-slavery preachers, exhorters, church-members, and many others friendly to human liberty. Indeed, it is not at all improbable that in a year we might double the above number. I have just sent to New York for another box of Mr. Helper's work to supply the increasing demand. A slaveholder who has read this book is now asking his neighbors what he must do with his slaves. Are these not blessed portents, my brother?"

The above letter was copied at the South some months since, and gave rise to the popular feeling against its author. Southern Christians relieved him in his duress, and he is now in this city seeking material sympathy for his—what *The Tribune* aptly styles—"rose-water martyrdom."

What does the Boston Tract Society accomplish by means of such agents? Strife, ill-will, contention, malice and all uncharitableness.

PERJURY AS A QUALIFICATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

From The Independent.

The Constitution of the United States (Art. 2, sec. 1) provides that before entering upon the execution of his office, the President elect of the United States shall take the following oath:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States; and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Sec. 3 of the same article, defining the duties of the President, says: "*He shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed.*"

One of these laws is the Fugitive Slave law; and if any case should arise under that law calling for executive interference, the President would be bound by his oath to execute the law. No such case, however, might arise under the whole period of a Presidential administration. If such a case should arise, a good and true man, hating slavery, and believing the Fugitive Slave law to be unjust if not unconstitutional, might nevertheless execute it in good faith, rather than vacate an office in which he could recommend and urge the repeal of the law, rather than resign the government into the hands of the Slave Power, or introduce despotism or anarchy by refusing to execute a law which he has no power to annul. But this is quite another thing from volunteering to approve the Fugitive Slave law, and arguing its constitutionality and expediency. The former is simply a yielding to the necessity of one's official position and oath; the latter reveals a disposition to magnify into a virtue what every good man should shrink from even as a necessity. The one shrinks from doing an act which he disapproves; the other volunteers to do the same act because he approves it. A distinction so obvious as this, one would think, must be recognized among the very "principia" of political efforts. And yet some who profess to apply the moral law to political action, seem to think that a willingness to perjure oneself by refusing to execute an obnoxious law after having sworn to "take care that *the laws* be faithfully executed," would be the highest moral qualification for the Presidency; and that a usurpation of power transforming the President into an absolute Dictator, would be a righteous act if only done in the name of freedom! Happily such notions have as little influence in the sphere of politics as they have sanction in that of morals.

THE ANNUAL HOWL.

From The New York Express.

"Hell is loose,
And all the devils are here."—*Tempest.*

Yes, reader, they are all here, and the "howlings" began—in the regular way—on Tuesday. We refer, of course, to the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, the main objects of which seem to be, to come together once a year, to deify Sambo, to anathematize the Church, to execrate the Union, and to denounce the Constitution as a league with death and a covenant with the wicked one. These fanatics do not choose Gotham as their place of rendezvous because of any peculiar affinity of the sentiments of our people with their own; on the contrary, it is well understood that the opinions of the great mass of this community are adverse to the shrieking fanaticism of such men as Parker, Garrison and Phillips; but New York is selected for the yearly howl mainly for the purpose of getting gratuitous advertisements in the widely-circulated metropolitan journals, and of having the movements of the heroes thus kept prominently before the people.

We have hitherto been wont to look upon these fanatical people with some degree of allowance, considering that in the ravings of their leading spirits, they were only blowing off a superfluity of long pent up malignity, and that their wild rhetoric was but the precursor of the year's docility which was to follow. But at this time the doings of this Convention of the "out-and-outs" ought not to be under-estimated, intimately connected as it is in sentiment, if not in action, with the Sectional party which is soon to meet in conclave at Chicago. Under guise of religion, these "shriekers for freedom" are endeavoring, as usual, to push along the car of radical abolitionism. It cannot be pushed much further, certainly, without touching, and getting Republicanism to harmonize with it. Indeed, we can have no better proof of the abolition tendencies of the Republican party than will probably be afforded by the action of these anniversary folk. We may expect from them the highest laudation of Lovejoy in Congress, and Old Brown in Virginia, with the customary maledictions and anathemas upon everything and everybody that does not come up to the spirit and letter of their infatuation.

EXCITING QUESTIONS DISPOSED OF.

From The Rochester Union and Advertiser, May 30.

In relation to the several memorials and overtures referred to the Committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly (Old School), relating to Colonization, Temperance, the Slave Trade, &c., the Committee recommended the adoption of the following resolution, viz.:

Resolved, That, while the General Assembly on the one hand, disclaim all right to interfere in secular matters, and on the other assert the right and duty of the Church, as God's witness on earth, to bear her testimony in favor of truth and holiness and against all false doctrines and sins, wherever professed and committed, yet in view of the oft-repeated action of the Assembly in reference to the subjects above referred to, it is inexpedient to take any further action in relation thereto.

This resolution was adopted in a large Committee with but one dissenting voice, and was reported to the Convention by the Chairman, Rev. Dr. Scott, of California, and was adopted by that body with entire unanimity.

It is a noteworthy fact that so much inflammatory matter as was referred to the Committee on Bills and Overtures, should be thus judiciously disposed of in a body representing every State in the whole Confederacy. Had the same discreet course been pursued by all other bodies representing the same constituencies, the American People would now be one in respect to all the party and religious organizations of the day, instead of being divided and subdivided upon questions on which, in the nature of things, a diversity of opinion must prevail. The great ends which it is the paramount object of religious organizations to attain, cannot be promoted by fomenting divisions upon such questions as Temperance, Slavery, &c., &c. The discussion of these topics would necessarily produce irritation; and how irritation, generated by the needless introduction of extraneous questions among men who are united on the fundamental bases of their organization, can be expected to promote the cause of religion, it were exceedingly difficult to conceive. Were it becoming a secular journal, we should congratulate the General Assembly and the country at large, that there is yet one organization which maintains its unity, by rigidly adhering to the one cardinal idea that called it into existence.

From The Journal of Commerce.

Messrs. Editors: What has become of the large and respectable congregation which formerly worshipped in Dr. Cheever's Church? What is the reason that "family after family has dwindled away," and that only "a few people come in to supply their places?"

Some send their money, but do not come themselves, to show us the light of their countenances, and encourage us with their personal as well as their material aid.

Where is this congregation? Has it been driven away, and thrown off (to use the language of one of the contributors to *The Independent*) by the too free use of "Spiritual Calomel and Jalap"?

If so, I should advise a change of treatment. I would recommend a large dose of *Spiritual Ipecacuanha*, and let it operate, when, where and how it may.

Perhaps this spiritual ipecacuanha has already been administered in the form of the British Aid Mission, and we are now witnessing the *modus operandi* of the medicine.

If so, it is to be hoped it will either resuscitate the dead body of the "muscular Christianity" of the Trustees and Society, or allow and cause the "kernel," the soul, or "spiritual power" to extricate itself from the "husks and cotton bales" of this sublunary sphere, and fly away "to mansions in the skies, where the weary are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling."

A Member of the Society,
And Daily Reader of Your Paper.

CLIMAX OF ABOLITION ATROCITY.

From The Memphis Appeal of May 27.

Mr. James H. Swann, U. S. Deputy-Marshal for West Tennessee, has just returned from Columbus, Ohio, whither he went for the purpose of executing upon the Governor of Ohio a requisition from the Governor of Tennessee for the arrest and delivery to him of the person of one Stephen G. Kennedy, charged with stealing five negroes from his wife in this city, during the past spring. The negroes (as charged) were the separate property of Mrs. Kennedy, and were stolen from her by her husband, who eloped in company with an abandoned woman, taking with him these negroes, his wife's jewelry and their little child. Kennedy took the negroes to Virginia and sold them, whence he went to Ohio in company with his paramour. A requisition was issued by Gov. Harris, at the instance of Mrs. Kennedy, for the arrest and delivery of Kennedy to the Marshal for a high crime against the laws of Tennessee.

Mr. Swann proceeded to Columbus, and delivered to Gov. Dennison the requisition of Gov. Harris. Gov. Dennison asked time to deliberate, before giving his answer, and in half an hour returned to the hotel and advised Mr. Swann that property in slaves was not recognized by the laws of Ohio, and therefore it was no crime, by said laws, to steal them. Mr. Swann then proceeded, in company with Mrs. Kennedy, to Cleveland, where Kennedy and his paramour were stopping, and arraigned Kennedy for stealing his wife's jewelry. Kennedy was tried by a magistrate and held to bail, which he readily gave by depositing in the hands of lawyers the same money which he had received for the stolen slaves. We are glad to learn that Mrs. Kennedy succeeded in getting possession of her child, which she seized at the domicile of Kennedy.

Thus has been consummated, by the Governor of Ohio, one of the most atrocious outrages and most flagrant violations of the constitutional comity between the States, ever perpetrated. It is an aggression upon the rights of Tennessee which calls for the severest remedial action, in order to obtain "indemnity for the past and security for the future." It is a movement of abolitionism that demands the scrutiny and reflection of every citizen of our State. The rendition of fugitives escaping from legal justice, from one State into another, is provided for by the Federal Government, and the action of the negro-stealing Governor of Ohio is a high-handed usurpation of power and a nullification of the Federal Constitution that must be rebuked and resented by every honest citizen. The Northern States must hurl from power such fellows as Dennison, and place upon their conduct the seal of their sternest rebuke, or consequences, fatal to the longer existence of the Union, are inevitable.

DANIEL WORTH.

From The Fayetteville (N. C.) Presbyterian.

The conduct of this deluded fanatic, since his return to the North, fully establishes the truth of the charges on which he was arraigned before the Courts of North Corolina, and the justice of the treatment which he received for violating the laws. His guilt was most clearly proved at his trial, but if any ground existed for a reasonable doubt, it has been removed by his acts and acknowledgments since his departure. He came here as an abolition emissary, and the society under whose auspices he was sent selected him for the mission on account of his supposed fitness for the work. Great leniency was manifested towards him during the trial, and the heaviest part of the penalty which he had incurred was remitted in consideration of his age and the holy calling which he had assumed and which he so shamefully dishonored. The punishment prescribed for the offence is imprisonment for not less than twelve months, and it is left to the discretion of the Judge to sentence the culprit to the pillory and the whipping-post. Worth was convicted after an impartial trial before a jury, a large majority of whom were non-slaveholders, and after an able defence by two of the first lawyers in the State. The Judge magnanimously remitted the most ignominious and severe part of the punishment, and the reverend incendiary was sentenced merely to imprisonment. From this sentence he was released on bail, and the required bond was given by two slaveholders. A third slaveholder conducted him in safety from the State, and in all possible haste he fled to his friends and allies at the North. The first Sabbath after his arrival in New York, he is exhibited in Cheever's pulpit as a hero and a martyr, and on the next night (Monday of last week) the citizens of New York, white and black, old and young, men and women, "assemble at the City Assembly Rooms to hear the statement of Rev. D. Worth, of North Carolina."

From The Buffalo Courier.

Defeat of the Ultraists in the M. E. Conference.—By reference to the report of yesterday's proceedings of the M. E. Conference, it will be seen that a vote has been taken on the question of changing the constitutional rule of the Church, so as to make slaveholding a test of membership. The result, we are pleased to state, is a complete conservative victory. The Church is now safe from disruption for at least four years, and the ultraists, who have endeavored to introduce a measure more radical and extreme than has been deemed necessary by any of the leading Church organizations of the country, have signally lost prestige.

A discipline which specifically discourages slaveholding, which forbids all buying and selling of human beings, and which systematically inculcates kind and Christian treatment to slaves wherever necessarily held, might surely be deemed sufficiently anti-slavery to satisfy either the demands of reason or Scripture. Those who demand more, and who do so at the risk of involving their Church in turmoil and danger, may surely be classed among those who are spoken of by high authority as being "righteous overmuch."

Selections.

POLITICAL ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

[Presuming that our readers would like to know something of what was said and done at the Political Anti-Slavery Convention held at Boston on the 29th ult., in response to a call issued by Stephen S. Foster, Rev. John Pierpont, J. H. Stephenson and others, we have condensed the following from the reports in the Boston papers. The reader will know how to make allowance for the prejudices as well as the haste of the reporters.—Ed. Standard.]

At 10 o'clock, a. m., Tuesday, May 29th, some fifty persons assembled in Mercantile Hall, pursuant to a call for a new political organization against slavery. J. H. Stephenson called the meeting to order, and read the call [for which see Standard of May 26th]. On his motion the following officers were chosen:

President—Rev. John Pierpont; *Secretaries*—Philemon Stacy, J. H. Fowler; *Business Committee*—S. S. Foster, J. Redpath, N. G. Allen, C. W. Eldridge, R. J. Hinton.

On taking the chair Mr. Pierpont declared that he had always advocated political action in reference to slavery, as well as all other reforms. He quoted lines of his own, composed twenty years ago, to illustrate his views. He urged eloquently on the men of New England action at the polls. The South asks to be let alone. That is just what the devil asked of Jesus of Nazareth. He proposed to initiate measures that should not let slavery alone.

Mr. J. P. Blanchard, of Boston, announced himself as a Republican voter, for he was willing to get all he could from them, but he could see that the Republicans fall far short of the work to be done, and he was willing to cooperate with this meeting.

A letter was then read from Mr. James Redpath, declaring that he had no faith in conventions, but only in the sword and insurrection. He had attended but one anti-slavery convention since last December, and then he saw not the platform for the scaffold of John Brown. He said he was pledged to the work of inciting an armed insurrection among the slaves of the South, and therefore could have nothing to do with peaceful agitation. There is no help for slavery in hair-splitting New England, but only in the rail-splitting North-west. He closed by declaring that he should vote for Lincoln and Hamlin, believing that their success would benefit the slave.

Mr. S. S. Foster declared himself astounded that such a man as Redpath should declare his willingness to vote for a man like Lincoln, who declared his willingness to be slave-driver general. There is not a particle of difference between the Republicans and Democrats.

[Here a large number of persons denied Mr. Foster's positions, and he read the fourth resolution of the Chicago Platform, declaring that each State has the exclusive right to manage its own domestic institutions.]

Mr. Foster continued, and endeavored to show that the Republican party has always sustained slavery inviolate in the States where it exists. He said the object of this organization is to put the spirit of Garrisonianism into the forms of law, and have an uncompromising political party. He declared the United States Constitution to be entirely anti-slavery, and that if its provisions were carried out, slavery would cease in an hour. [A gentleman asked Mr. Foster to favor the audience with the new light he had received on the Constitution. Mr. Foster having always declared the Constitution to be pro-slavery.]

Mr. H. C. Wright rose and declared that he would not discuss slavery as a moral question. He would put his heel on all Constitutions, Bibles, parties and religions that recognize the right of property in man.

Mr. R. J. Hinton spoke in behalf of Mr. Redpath and his views, and declared that the people of New England cannot appreciate the position of such men as Redpath. In New England men think and deliberate, but the West reduces to practice. He defended the masses of Republicans as being soundly anti-slavery, but only such men as Mr. Redpath are ready to reduce anti-slavery principles to practice.

Mr. Wright resumed by asking whether the Constitution sanctions slavery. It is purely a political question, and a fair one. The South have the Constitution in their favor. If parties, Congress, Legislatures and Courts can be relied on, it sanctions slavery. Mr. W. did not see how any man could escape the position of the slaveholder. Their position is impregnable, and slavery is constitutional.

Mr. Pierpont spoke in behalf of the anti-slavery view of the Constitution, and briefly but clearly defended the Constitution as an anti-slavery document. He made a very logical and thorough speech, and concluded that, conceding that the parties framing the Constitution intended to recognize slavery—conceding that the concession was grammatically made, even then the parties could not bind themselves and successors to sustain slavery, for it is morally wrong, and therefore could not be constitutional. He said the time had come for the North to rise up and insist that the Constitution shall be literally carried out.

Mr. Pierpont said, till to-day he had resolved to vote for Lincoln and Hamlin, but he had to-day received *The Tribune*, which contained an extract from Mr. Lincoln, and he said it with inexpressible sorrow that he (Lincoln) is not in favor of the unconditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave law. He could not vote for a man who held to that view. He could not be counted as a Republican if such was the position of its candidate for the Presidency.

Mr. Roberts, of Stockton, Me., was glad to see that Mr. Foster had abandoned his old heresy, and he hoped he would be consistent, and simply endeavor to bring the majority up to the right ground, and place the government under anti-slavery influences. He recommended the meeting to vote the Republican ticket.

Here quite a struggle took place for the floor, and it was awarded to a stranger, who replied to the legal argument of Mr. Pierpont in a very able and thorough manner. At 2 o'clock the meeting adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mr. S. S. Foster, Chairman of the Business Committee, read the following resolutions as the platform of the association:

1. Resolved, That the primary object of the movement we have this day met to inaugurate is the immediate and entire extinction of slavery throughout the whole country, by incorporating into the administration of the Federal Government the broad and comprehensive principles of the Declaration of Independence, upon which the Union was originally founded. We hold that it is both the right and duty of the slaves equally with freemen to defend their own liberty by every means which God and nature have placed in their power, at whatever cost to the master and his abettors. We also hold it to be the imperative duty of the national government to protect all the inhabitants of the country in the full enjoyment of all their natural rights, and the administration or party which seeks to evade this duty, under any pretext whatever, we regard as false to the principle of democratic government, false to the Constitution, false to every principle of moral obligation which binds us together as a civil community, a dishonor to the country, and utterly unworthy of the confidence and support of any sincere friend of freedom.

2. Resolved, That the United States Constitution, fairly interpreted, is entirely and unquivocally on the side of freedom. It prohibits the existence of slavery in the States, and invests the Federal Government with ample powers to abolish it wherever found, whether under Territorial or State legislation, and we insist upon the immediate application of these powers to the removal of an evil which has already made our country a reproach to the cause of freedom throughout the civilized world.

3. Resolved, That we repudiate the anti-democratic doctrine of the Democratic party, that the Supreme Court is the ultimate arbiter in all questions involving the rights of human beings. By our theory of government the people are the only rightful rulers of the country, and the Courts, as well as the Legislature and the Executive, are their agents, with authority simply to execute the popular will. Hence it is the right and duty of the people to review, and for sufficient reasons to reverse, their decisions; and any Court, the Judges of which should refuse to obey the clearly expressed wishes of a popular majority, would be an intolerable despotism, which should be at once abolished.

4. Resolved, That the assumption that the Constitution recognizes slavery "by tacit consent," "by indirect implication," "by equivocal terms," "by an outside understanding among its drafters," and "by the uniform interpretation" given it by a corrupt government, formed mostly of slaveholders, when the word slave does not occur therein, nor any words which adequately describe a slave, nor any terms which imply that there can be property in man, when its expressed objects contradict it, and many of its positive provisions forbid it, or are altogether incompatible with it; when slavery at the time had not the shadow of positive law for its establishment in the country, but, on the contrary, had been pronounced illegal by the King's Bench in the Somerset decision, and legally abolished by the Declaration of Independence. To make this assumption, in view of these facts, is to reverse the well-established principle that law should be interpreted to favor justice, and to render a just government among men an impossibility.

The Chairman called the attention of the meeting to the presence of Rev. Mr. Worth, of North Carolina, who had been incarcerated for months in a Southern jail for circulating Helper's book, as a proof that political action is necessary to protect the citizens from oppression.

Mr. S. S. Foster said the friends of anti-slavery are destroying each other by their divisions. Union among the friends of anti-slavery is of the first importance. There ought to be a platform on which all can agree. There ought to be a political platform on which a Garrisonian can stand, and a Garrisonian platform on which politicians can stand. Mr. Foster defended at length the Constitution as an anti-slavery instrument, giving a historical and logical exposition, and detailing the process of his own charge of opinion. [The Chairman here exhibited a photograph of Thaddeus Hyatt, which was received with demonstrations of applause.]

Mr. Foster finished his speech by saying that he believed that a party acting on this platform only lacks numbers to give freedom to every slave.

Mr. Henry C. Wright controverted the positions of Messrs. Pierpont and Foster, and said, the only consistent thing for them to do, is to come out and advocate a Northern Confederacy, and not seek by this new movement to "whip the devil round the stump."

Mr. Foster made further remarks, and

Wendell Phillips took the floor, and said that while he had respect for the talent of those who held that the Constitution is anti-slavery, he had yet to see the smallest homœopathic amount of reason in all that had ever been said. He declared that Omnipotence could not have framed a more unanswerable way of settling the fact that the Constitution was intended to sanction slavery than history records. And such a party as is here contemplated can never accomplish anything. Mr. Phillips gave the principles of the new party a terrible overhauling, that seemed to be responded to by most of the audience. He said he was not sent into this world to free slaves, but to keep his troth with his brother, and then if slaves got free, well and good, if not, the consequences rest with God. He characterized the government proposed by this movement as a nuisance, and the movement itself as a farce.

Rev. Daniel Worth (out on bail from a North Carolina jail for circulating Helper's book) said that moral action is insufficient to overthrow slavery. We must have political action. He said no vice could ever be controlled without political action, without law to suppress it. He said he was here to collect money to pay his bail ($3,000), or he must return and spend his days in a Southern jail. Meeting adjourned.

EVENING SESSION.

At 8 o'clock a small audience was called to order, and Mr. J. H. Stephenson took the floor. He gave to the Garrisonians great credit for the anti-slavery sentiment of the country, but he knew of no way of abolishing slavery but by voting. The Democratic and Republican parties are not anti-slavery. We must attack slavery where it is, and not, as the Republicans party does, where it is not. Even the Republicans condemn insurrection, and thus deny the right that every man possesses—the right of revolution; they confine their anti-slavery efforts to opposing the extension of slavery. But we must have a political party based on anti-slavery principles.

Mr. J. B. Swazey could not admit the reasoning of the advocates of this new movement, and he must be allowed to suppose that Mr. Foster was as much mistaken now as he admits he has been for twenty years. The question of all others with the speaker is a practical one. What good can such a party do? It could accomplish nothing, and he preferred to remain outside of government and all parties, and protest against the act of our Government in enslaving four millions of men. He thought it was a new and hurtful attempt at splitting the anti-slavery household. He thought all who desire anti-slavery action had better vote the Republican ticket.

Dr. Mellen here attempted to speak, but it was not pleasant to a portion of the hearers, and after an amusing discussion on the subject, Mr. Mellen spoke five minutes, and subsided with the declaration that he had been incarcerated in an insane hospital because the political parties feared that he would mar their plans.

Mr. Hinton, from the Business Committee, then reported the following additional resolution, after paying an eloquent tribute to Thaddeus Hyatt:

Resolved, As a preparatory means to secure the desired result, we now form ourselves into an association, to be known as The New England Political Anti-Slavery Association, and we recommend to the friends of liberty throughout New England, who sympathize with us in these views, to form affiliating associations on these principles, for the purpose of discussing them before the people and preparing for their practical realization; we also recommend to our friends throughout the West to organize in the same manner and for the same purposes; and we hope soon to see formed a general United States Association of Political Abolitionists, and very soon to see a National Political Anti-Slavery party, organized upon a platform of uncompromising hostility to slavery in every part of the United States, and as determined in their efforts throughout the whole extent of the country as the most rabid Southern State is now determined on its perpetuation.

[Another resolution was offered, eulogistic of Thaddeus Hyatt and his position.]

Mr. J. H. Fowler said that the Republican party was not an abolition one at all, and this drove us to form a new party, and he was ready, if need be, to put a dagger, a Sharp's rifle, or anything else in his hand to assist the slave in obtaining his freedom. He would not support the nominees of the Republican party.

Mr. Bunting, of Boston, a Republican, defended the Republican party. He said that the Republicans had started the right movement, and Mr. Lincoln was going to carry it out.

Dr. Doyle, of Kansas, denounced the Republican party, and spoke in favor of the new movement. An excited debate ensued between Messrs. Bunting and Doyle in relation to these two parties.

Mr. Foster again took the stand, and said that he was surprised to hear Mr. Phillips say that men holding such sentiments as he (Foster) and Pierpont held in relation to the Constitution could not be men of common sense. He replied to Mr. Phillips's argument at great length, and at the conclusion of his remarks, on motion of Mr.

Letters were read from several gentlemen, recommending this course. It was explained that it could be done without expense, as clergymen about to visit Europe would willingly accept the mission. It was urged that this would have the effect of stirring up the New England Churches to greater activity.

Rev. Mr. Wallace, of Manchester, N. H., thought it was hardly expedient to appoint the proposed commission, in view of the fact that much of the anti-slavery sentiment of New England was opposed to this Society.

After some further discussion, the matter was left in the hands of the Executive Committee.

EVENING PUBLIC MEETING.

Another very full public meeting was held at the Temple in the evening. The attendance was larger even than in the forenoon. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Green, for thirty-two years a missionary in the Sandwich Islands.

The resolutions offered in the morning were read again. Another series of resolutions, relative to Mr. Hyatt's incarceration at Washington, were also offered by Mr. Cheever. They express, "in behalf of many Christian freemen, insulted in his person," the desire of the meeting to tender him their warm sympathy and acknowledgments for the integrity and firmness with which he has resisted a most dangerous usurpation of the Senate at the behest of slavery; express indignation at the course taken on the subject by Northern Senators; and congratulate the friends of freedom that they have found a champion who, like the noble Hampden, adopts as his motto, "*Nulla vestigia retrorsum.*"

The resolutions were received with cheers.

Mr. Cheever here read a letter received by him from Mr. Hyatt. It contained a very long account of the incidents of unlawful tyranny in that "Bastile of America," as the writer terms his prison. Numerous instances were related of colored people imprisoned there on mere suspicion of being colored, or other trivial charges. Mr. Hyatt had been instrumental in releasing a large number by aid of a lawyer, who had ascertained that their imprisonment was unlawful. He expressed himself determined to break up this system of oppression, if he had to keep a lawyer there all the year round (laughter and cheers). From the tone of the letter it was evident to the audience that Mr. Hyatt is devoted to the cause he has engaged in, and will continue to put in practice there the principles he has expressed.

The letter from Mr. Hyatt occupied nearly an hour in its reading.

Rev. Mr. Green, previously alluded to as a missionary in the Sandwich Islands, then addressed the meeting. He expressed his sympathy for the cause, and said it grew out of his great hatred of slavery, which he abhorred more than he could tell. He also sympathized with them from a love which he had for the common country, well knowing that so long as slavery existed it could not prosper.

Rev. Mr. Dunn, of the Free-will Baptist Society of this city, was the next speaker, commencing with a pun on his own name, promising to be *done* quick. He said it was his business to sympathize with dying people, and he sympathized with the politicel party that died a few years ago, and with the one dying now (cheers).

The audience were convulsed with laughter when he told the story of the lazy Christian who nailed a prayer to his bedpost, and pointing to it every night, when he went to bed, said, "O Lord, there's my sentiments," as an illustration of the kind of prayers the anti-slavery cause got from the conservatives who believed in praying but not preaching against slavery. He closed by saying he didn't see the use of having a devil, if he didn't get slaveholders.

Rev. Daniel Worth, out on his parole of honor from Greensboro jail, N. C., for selling Helper's book, was the next speaker. He was received with cheers.

He narrated many instances of slave tyranny which he had observed personally. One was of a boy who was whipped on suspicion of stealing, but would not confess. He was finally declared innocent, and it was finally determined to administer a dose to the accuser, to see if "the truth" could not be got out of him. But as the boy was running away he was called back, and twenty-five more lashes (sixty-four in all) inflicted, "because," said the executioner, "I never allows a boy to walk away arter I licks him; he must be too sore for that."

He spoke of the various phases of the sin of slavery, such as the prostitution of female slaves, and the degradation of all.

Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York, who had been loudly called for during the evening, was then introduced, and received with loud and continued cheering. He commenced by alluding to the Dred Scott decision, as embodying the principle that black men had no rights which white men were bound to respect. He was interrupted in an unmannerly way by a person who had taken a seat at one of the reporters' tables, but who was unknown to the reporters present, who asked him to "state the truth." Mr. Cheever repeated his remark, but, being again interrupted, the man, whose objections were not made clear, was hissed and shouted down by the offended audience.

Mr. Cheever said he had come with the intention of preaching a sermon from the text, "Feed the flock of the slaughter," but time would not allow (cries of "go on, take an hour").

He referred to the theories described by Senator Doolittle on the slavery question. There was the John Brown theory, the slavery extension theory, and the Colonization theory, which that Senator regarded as the only practicable one.

This Dr. Cheever regarded as the height of selfishness. The slave population were needed at the South, more than their masters (cheers), but they should have wages and be freemen.

He spoke of the great advantages an abolition of slavery would secure at the South, and instanced the fact that the price of land in Russia had quadrupled since the emancipation movement.

He described the repugnance with which Southerners listened to any suggestions in regard to the emancipation of slaves. They pretended to be greater friends to the slave than any at the North, but when it was proposed to hire them as servants, they reply with scorn that they would not endure them except as slaves, but would prefer to send them back to Africa. The green spreading vine of slavery becomes to them a poisonous Upas tree when the slaves are freed (cheers).

He addressed arguments to show that a man could not be compelled to work without wages, and then said that much less could his liberty, and the control of his wife and children, be taken from him.

The wine of a perfect social state is to be pressed out of the hearts' blood of the slaves, thrown into the press of the great institution.

He answered such arguments as had been advanced in favor of slavery at recent theological conventions, and in the "South side," and said it was the first duty to tear down these defences.

He urged excommunication of all pro-slavery Christians, and denounced those who throw between the truth and sin the accursed shield which prevented the Southerner from ever being reached. The conviction of this sin must first be felt among the ministers and Churches (cheers).

He maintained that every word in his much-abused letter to the Churches of Great Britain was true (applause). So soon as it is found that right is becoming might, all the world will shout, even for politics in religion (cheers). He urged, further, that the fundamental principle of the Society was that slavery was a sin, and that the sin should be taken out of the Church, root and branch. He was loudly cheered, and at the close of his remarks the meeting broke up, after adopting all the resolutions.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS HAS SPOKEN!

Mr. Adams, the honored son of the "old man eloquent," made his first speech in the United States House of Representatives on the 31st ult. The telegraphic correspondent of *The Tribune* speaks of it in these terms:

"Charles Francis Adams made his debut in the House to-day, and though the attendance was thin when he opened, no announcement of his purpose having been made, the benches of both sides were filled in a few minutes, and the galleries exhibited a corresponding interest. His speech was a philosophical, luminous, and most attractive review of the slavery question, or rather the problem of the representation which the "peculiar institution" had secured in the popular branch of Congress, the influence it commanded in the Cabinet, in the Supreme Court, and every other Department of the Government. He said the negro would not go out, nor could he be put out, till this great problem was solved.

"He then traced the existence and necessity of the Republican party, proving it to be merely defensive, and intended to sustain the principles of the fathers, and to vindicate those contained in the Declaration of Independence, which he showed were not limited to any color, but addressed to the rights of mankind.

"In his opinion there could be no compromise till these principles were brought back and the Government restored to its honored practices. Change and reform were imperatively required, and freedom must be restored to the place from which it had been rudely deposed.

"The corruptions and abuses which had become so common should be arrested, or greater calamities would follow. He examined the so-called remedy of secession suggested by ultras, and demonstrated its folly, feebleness and impracticability.

"Mr. Adams held the undivided attention of the House throughout, without an interruption, and extorted general praise for the elevated tone and candid spirit in which the subject was discussed. Those who, like myself, were familiar with his father's style of speaking were struck by the similarity of manner, voice and gesticulation, and particularly with the nervous energy which seemed to be common to both. He is evidently a chip of the old block, and certainly has made his mark on the House.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION.

We lay before our readers to-day the proceedings of this body, which convened in Boston on the 30th and 31st of last month. It was an eminently successful occasion. The attendance was as large as walls would allow of, and the speaking of a very high order of excellence. The meetings were held in the new Melodeon, which replaces the old one, with which the frequenters of the Convention in years past are well familiar, upon the same ground. The room is a very handsome one, and with rather better pretensions to decent ventilation than the average of the Black Holes to which American public meetings are condemned. Its capacity is fully as great as that of any but the very largest halls, and it was thoroughly tested at this time. The plan of having the opening session one for set speeches, with the names of the speakers advertised, again had the effect of filling the house at the very opening, and, after that, there is no difficulty in keeping up the interest to the last. This excellent custom we hope will grow into an established usage.

For the specific details of the several sessions, the order of subjects and the succession of speakers, we must refer our readers to the official report of the same. The Resolutions will well repay an attentive reading. They contain in little the pith and marrow of the Anti-Slavery Movement at the present stage of its existence. They were examined, illustrated and enforced, in their different ways and with their diverse gifts, by the numerous speakers whose speeches are reported in our account of the proceedings. We may mention, especially, as new speakers, though not as strangers, Mr. Douglass, of Chicago (*not* the notorious little giant of that ilk), the Rev. Messrs. Sloane of this city and N. R. Johnston of Vermont, whose presence and voices were most cordially welcomed. Besides these, there were the old familiar names which have uttered forth the gospel of Liberty on the platform of that Convention from year to year and have made themselves household words in the nation as well as in the cause.

The Rev. Dr. Cheever, we regret to learn, was hindered from coming to the platform at the opening session by the physical impossibility of making his way through the dense mass of the audience. This is the only time in our history that we have had occasion to lament the size of our auditory, or, more properly, the lack of a private entrance to the platform. His engagements elsewhere prevented his attending any other of our proper sessions. But on the second evening, which we had resigned to a meeting to protest against the imprisonment of Mr. Hyatt, he appeared and made a speech of great energy and eloquence. We trust that we shall often have an opportunity of listening to his powerful rhetoric and earnestness of appeal to the reason and the heart, upon the Anti-Slavery platform. This meeting was as large as it was possible to be, and its proceedings will be found a fit rounding of the doings of the Convention it closed. The previous session, much of which was devoted to the memory of Theodore Parker, was one of singular interest. The speeches of Messrs. S. J. May, Phillips, Garrison and Clarke were such as befitted the occasion, the subject and the speakers. The speech of Mr. Phillips, we see, has been very widely copied by the press, including the papers of this city of the largest circulation, and we have no doubt that this will be yet very largely extended in all parts of the Northern country.

Thus this great event in our annual Anti-Slavery lives has passed away attended with the most brilliant success, and leaving, as we are sure, an impression on the great mass of mind within reach of its influences of the most permanent and beneficent character. We have constantly to repeat that each successive gathering of the hosts is the most multitudinous and the most triumphant that has ever been. This is necessary in the nature of things. This country is living very fast. It crowds as much history into one year as used to suffice for ten. Thanks to the influence of the Anti-Slavery Movement — now most emphatically acknowledged by those who hate it most—the issue with slavery is growing daily more distinct and more clearly understood. The wise policy of silence is no longer possible. The ancient reign of darkness is broken up. All the conjurations of the wizards of the South, joined to the spells of the magicians of the North, cannot bring back the reign of Chaos and Old Night. All their incantations have failed to blot out the Sun of Truth and Righteousness from the Universe. The clouds they have raised abide but for a day.

"To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray."

Slavery being ever busy in its works of darkness, and Anti-Slavery being equally busy in exposing its abominations, the public mind is kept in that state of excitation which is an essential condition preliminary to its restoration to a normal state of health. To this we owe the gathering and increasing interest of our public meetings. Every year supplies some new topic for the rallying cry of the occasion. Now, it is a stride of Slavery Southward towards the worlds it sighs to conquer. Now, it is an assassin blow aimed at the life of a Northern Senator for his words for truth and freedom. Now, it is a conspiracy of the Government and the Slave Power to compel, by the military power of the nation, a reluctant Territory to pass under the yoke of Slavery. Now, it is the impending shadow of the rehabilitated slave trade. At every hour almost of our history we are met by facts issuing forth from the bosom of Slavery and returning thither again, ghastly or grotesque apparitions, which serve to keep its existence and its horrors fresh in the minds of men. It is the fidelity with which the Abolitionists encounter and deal with these facts that makes the attraction which draws crowds to our meetings as inevitably as the steel filings follow the persuasions of the magnet. This latest Convention proved over again these truisms. There was never a better opportunity for making a deep impression on the mind of the country, and there was never a favorable opportunity better used.

THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE concluded the discussion of the slavery question on the 31st ult. A compromise substitute for the majority Report, presented some days before by Dr. Durbin and laid on the table, was taken up and rejected. Various amendments of the new chapter on slavery reported by the majority were offered and rejected; one, directing the Bishops to submit the new chapter proposed to the Annual Conferences, and the Presiding Elders to the Quarterly Conferences, was lost—148 to 61. Another, that the old chapter in the Discipline stand as it is, and the chapter now before the Conference be put into the Pastoral Address in the journal of the General Conference, was lost—131 to 82. An amendment declaring the chapter simply advisory was also lost. The main question on the adoption of the new chapter in the Discipline, in the place of the old one, was ordered, and the new chapter was adopted—154 to 57.

This action, though falling far short of exclusion of slaveholders from the Church, is yet, in comparison with the ground taken by previous General Conferences during the last twenty-five years, a step in advance. Though not by any means satisfactory to the thorough anti-slavery sentiment of the Church, it is a bitter pill to the conservatives.

Rev. Edward Thomson, D. D., of Northern Ohio, one of the leaders of the anti-slavery party, has been elected editor of *The Christian Advocate and Journal*, in place of Dr. Abel Stevens, the facile tool of a false conservatism. We hope to see a marked change in the spirit of "the great official" of American Methodism.

THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—We have copied, on the first page, the Boston *Traveller's* report of the meeting of this Society held in Boston last week. The report is meagre, but it embodies all that we know of the proceedings of the meeting.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION for 1860 assembled at the Melodeon, in Boston, on Wednesday, May 30. At the hour of 10, at which time the Hall was entirely filled and crowded with people from all parts of the New England States, FRANCIS JACKSON, President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, called the Convention to order, and offered, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, the following list of officers for the due organization of the Convention:

For President: JOHN T. SARGENT, of Boston.

Vice-Presidents: Peter Libbey, George F. Talbot, Maine; Abraham Folsom, Benjamin Chase, New Hampshire; Rev. N. R. Johnston, Vermont; Francis Jackson, Boston; Edmund Quincy, Dedham; Bourne Spooner, Plymouth; William Durfee, New Bedford; James M. Aldrich, Fall River; Nathaniel Robbins, Harwich; Thomas J. Hunt, Abington; James A. Whipple, Worcester; Benjamin Snow, Jr., Fitchburg; A. A. Bent, Gardner; Robert Hassell, Haverhill; William Ashby, Newburyport; Charles Lenox Remond, Salem; Daniel S. Whitney, Southboro'; James N. Buffum, Lynn; Samuel Barrett, Concord; M. G. Kimball, Barre; William Jenkins, Andover; Chas. C. Burleigh, James B. Whitcomb, Connecticut; Rodney Moore, Elizabeth B. Chase, Rhode Island.

Business Committee: William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Maria W. Chapman, Lydia Maria Child, Chas. C. Burleigh, Abby Kelley Foster, N. R. Johnston, Andrew T. Foss, Aaron M. Powell, Henry C. Wright.

Secretaries: Samuel May, Jr., E. H. Heywood, Wendell P. Garrison.

Finance Committee: James N. Buffum, E. D. Draper, R. H. Ober, Elbridge Sprague, Sallie Holley, Elizabeth M. Powell.

The Convention accepted the above list, and unanimously elected the persons named.

JOHN T. SARGENT took the Chair, and made some introductory remarks relative to the associations of the Hall in which the meeting was assembled, and referring especially to the death of THEODORE PARKER.

Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse, read appropriate Scripture selections, and offered prayer.

W. L. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, reported and read the following Resolutions:

1. Resolved, That with the slave trade freshly revived among us with the connivance of the Government and in defiance of law; with all the great sects and political parties repudiating the Anti-Slavery movement, we feel the need of all the more earnestness and the most radical utterance in our protests against slavery as a foul sin, and a system of abominations to be immediately abolished, and against Church and State as synagogues of Satan and covenants with Death, to be annulled and dissolved.

Whereas, no elements can be more antagonistical or more irreconcilable than those of Liberty and Slavery; and, therefore, no experiment more insane or more disastrous than that of attempting to amalgamate them in the same Government, and within the same Union; and,

Whereas, in the formation and adoption of the Constitution of the United States, "it cannot be denied," to quote the language of John Quincy Adams, "the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves, namely, an immunity for twenty years of preserving the African slave trade, the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves, and the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves, for articles of merchandize, under the name of persons;" and the entire military and naval power of the nation was pledged to the suppression of every form of domestic insurrection; and,

Whereas (again to quote Mr. Adams) "in the articles of Confederation there was no guarantee for the property of the slaveholder, no double representation of him in the Federal councils, no power of taxation, no stipulation for the recovery of fugitive slaves; but when the powers of government came to be delegated to the Union, the South refused their subscription to the parchment till it should be saturated with the infection of slavery, which no fumigation could purify, no quarantine could extinguish; the freemen of the North giving way, and the deadly venom of slavery being infused into the Constitution of freedom, and thus reduced to the alternative of departing from the first principle of their liberty, or forfeiting the Union itself, they averted their faces, and with trembling hand subscribed the bond"; therefore,

2. Resolved, That (again to quote the same high authority) "the bargain between Freedom and Slavery, contained in the Constitution of the United States, is MORALLY AND POLITICALLY VICIOUS, inconsistent with the principles on which alone our Revolution can be justified, cruel and oppressive by riveting the chains of slavery, by pledging the faith of freemen to maintain and perpetuate the tyranny of the master, and grossly unequal and impolitic by admitting that slaves are at once enemies to be kept in subjection, property to be rescued and returned to their owners, and persons not to be represented themselves, but for whom their masters are privileged with nearly a double share of representation. The consequence has been, that this slave representation has governed the Union; Benjamin, portioned above his brethren, has ravened as a wolf; in the morning he has devoured the prey, and in the evening he has divided the spoil."

3. Resolved, That, in consenting to the adoption of such a Constitution, the people of the North have made "A COVENANT WITH DEATH, AND WITH HELL ARE THEY AT AGREEMENT," insanely declaring that "when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us; for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves." Therefore,

4. Resolved, That the cry should go forth from the heart and the lips of every one who professes to revere God, to hold the principles of justice and the claims of suffering humanity as of paramount importance, to regard chattel slavery as "the sum of all villainies," and liberty as the inalienable birthright of every human being, "THIS COVENANT WITH DEATH MUST BE ANNULLED, AND THIS AGREEMENT WITH HELL MUST NOT STAND," no matter what convulsions may follow, or what interests may be temporarily affected by it; for if this be not done, then to this nation God proclaims, "Because ye despise this word, and trust in oppression and perverseness, and stay thereon; therefore THIS INIQUITY shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall, whose breaking cometh suddenly at an instant. And he shall break it as the breaking of the potter's vessel that is broken in pieces: he shall not spare."

5. Resolved, That while the present unhallowed Union exists, the people of the North cannot fail to be demoralized by it, as well as to involve themselves in the judgments impending over it; cannot maintain any ground of moral consistency in their opposition to slavery; cannot prevent the extension of the accursed system at the dictation of the South; but must continue to add sin to sin, to deepen their guilt, to play the part of dissemblers and hypocrites, and to hurry the nation down to irretrievable ruin.

The Convention was first addressed, briefly, but with his usual faithful and earnest spirit, by CHARLES LENOX REMOND, of Salem.

H. FORD DOUGLASS, of Chicago, was the second speaker, and delivered a very eloquent and effective address. This was Mr. D.'s first visit to New England, and his first anti-slavery speech here, and the impression made was of a highly favorable character.

Rev. J. R. W. SLOANE, of New York city, Pastor of a Reformed Presbyterian (Covenanter) Church in that city, was next called to the stand. After a few words of kind and respectful allusion to the marked ability and eloquence of the two preceding speakers—both colored men—Mr. Sloane delivered an anti-slavery speech of the most impressive and uncompromising character.

The Convention, on motion, *Voted*, That the following be assigned as the hours of meeting of this Convention during its session, viz: 10, 2¾ and 7½.

In the absence of Rev. Dr. CHEEVER, who had been expected as the next speaker, the platform was taken by WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., who spoke for an hour in review of the present position of the Republican party, and in criticism of its leading men, and especially of its candidate for the Presidency. He spoke also of the general false character of the American Churches.

Full reports of all these speeches may be expected.

Mr. GARRISON referred to the coincidence of the presence of JOHN BROWN at the Anti-Slavery Convention a year ago, and the presence of *his widow*—truly a noble woman—on our platform to-day. The fact of Mrs. Brown's presence, thus made known to the Convention, induced a general spontaneous expression of the deep sympathy felt for her and her children.

Adjourned to the afternoon.

AFTERNOON.—The Convention was called to order by the President at 3 o'clock.

Mr. GEORGE W. CLARK, of Rochester, New York, sang with much expression an appropriate song of progress.

Mrs. F. B. MORRIS, who represented herself as a slave for twenty-three years, requested opportunity to speak, which was granted. She said she had been, not a slave on a Southern plantation, but a slave to an intemperate step-mother and husband. She related some cases of prejudice against color which had come under her notice.

She was followed by HENRY C. WRIGHT, who asked a question to this effect: If he had a child under his care whom he had educated to do evil, and his child practised upon him the lessons he had taught him, had he a right to complain? if he, in such case, deserved the sympathy of the people? If he had taught the child it was right to rob, to steal, to pick pockets, had he a right to complain if the child robbed *him*? He thought not. Applying the illustration to the system of slavery, he said, the slaves were pupils of the slaveholder, who had taught them that there were no rights of property or person, and when the slaves should grow to be men, as they assuredly would, and should practise upon the slaveholder the lessons he had taught them, would the oppressor have any right to complain, or would he be entitled to the sympathy of the Northern people? After further remarks on the same idea, he read the following resolutions as expressive of his own sentiments.

1. Resolved, That *individual* slaveholders, as such, have no rights, but are to be regarded and treated as the most inexcusable enemies of mankind.

2. Resolved, That slaveholding *States* have no rights, but are to be treated by the people and States of the North as self-incorporated bands of *American* corsairs, whose power it is the right and duty of all the friends of justice and freedom to seek to annihilate.

3. Resolved, That slaves, as such, owe no obedience, service or duties to their enslavers; and a religion or government that enjoins on them such duties or obligations, deserves only the scorn and contempt of mankind.

4. Resolved, That in Helper's "Impending Crisis," so generally indorsed by Republicans, we find the true and only scheme for the abolition of slavery, i. e., No co-operation with slaveholders in politics—no fellowship with them in religion—no affiliation with them in society—no patronage of slaveholding merchants—no guestship in slave-waiting hotels—no fees to slaveholding lawyers—no employment to slaveholding physicians—no audience to slaveholding parsons—no recognition of slaveholding men, except as ruffians, outlaws and criminals.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, in reply, said that the majority of the people at the North revered the memory of the slave as a man, and, in his opinion, when Mr. Calhoun made the remark that a man had a right to the wealth he had dug from the soil against the universe, he never thought of it as applying to the slave. He said that the mass of the Republicans were ready to condemn Daniel Webster for aiding in the enactment of the Fugitive Slave bill, yet they virtually re-enacted it every time they took a seat in Congress. The Republican office-seeker was compelled to wear two faces, one looking in the direction his heart dictated, and the other in the way the Constitution bade him look. In regard to the attitude of a large portion of the Northern people, he thought Mr. Wright had given them too much credit, when he spoke of their universal indorsement of Helper's "Impending Crisis." To his mind they were far from indorsing it. But he himself would recommend its circulation, although he could not indorse fully all its contents, and showed the obvious difference between indorsing a book's sentiments, and recommending its circulation. Finally, he wished to make some alteration in the phraseology of Mr. Wright's resolutions, as he considered the present wording would tend to defeat the cause it intended to promote, and he supposed Mr. Wright meant that the slaveholder had no right to be such, but, by common minds, they might be construed to mean that they had no rights, as *men*.

Rev. JOHN PIERPONT next addressed the Convention. He did not like the *milk-and-water* character of Mr. Wright's resolutions! To say merely that a slaveholder had no right to his slaves, was, in his opinion, exceedingly tame for a Garrisonian Abolitionist. *He* considered that the slaveholder, as such, had no rights at all, not even to breathe a breath of God's free atmosphere. He was for encouraging the slaves to resist their masters, with violence if need be, and to rise against them, in order to obtain their liberty; and he considered it the duty of the people of the North to put weapons into the hands of the oppressed to aid them in the accomplishment of their object. The speaker hoped and believed no slave would ever be again returned to slavery from the soil of Massachusetts, and before he would lift his hand or his voice for the return of a fugitive slave, he would see the Union dissolved, though he knew it would be by a civil war, in which he and his children would fall by the sword. In conclusion, he said, LET US BE FREE; let us not be brought into bondage by any laws which man can make, or by any constitution that our fathers could make; but let us petition our State Government until it gives us a shield to protect us from the harpy claws of the slave power.

Mr. RANDOLPH who claimed to be a descendant of Pocahontas, took the stand, and spoke at some length on the subject of slavery, and expressed his willingness to labor with those who have for their fundamental object the extirpation of the curse of American slavery, although he believed there were measures as effectual as those adopted by the Society, and among them the ballot-box, in which he was a believer. He urged every one to sympathize with the slave, and told them it was their duty to bring about a thorough, radical change, and extirpate this infernal system. In the course of his remarks, he was interrupted by Mr. Fowler, who wished to make some few disparaging to the speaker's character. Mr. Fowler was called to order. Much discussion followed, in which Mr. Fowler made the charge that Mr. Randolph had advocated pro-slavery doctrines at Cincinnati, which Mr. Randolph was understood to deny; and after a few remarks from Mr. Wickes, of Wisconsin, the Convention adjourned to the evening.

EVENING.—The Convention reassembled at 7½ o'clock, the PRESIDENT in the Chair.

Mr. CLARK, of Rochester, again sang an anti-slavery song.

The speakers at the evening session were H. FORD DOUGLASS, Rev. E. C. TOWN, of Braintree, Rev. J. SELLA MARTIN, of Boston, and E. H. HEYWOOD, of Boston, whose impressive speeches, listened to with the closest attention and often applauded, will be hereafter reported at length.

Adjourned to Thursday at 10.

THURSDAY.

The Convention reassembled at the Melodeon, according to adjournment, the President in the Chair.

The following letter from CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM, Pastor of the Baptist Church in Newport, R. I., was read to the Convention:

NEWPORT, R. I., May 21, 1860.

SAMUEL MAY, JR., ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* Your note inviting me, on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, to be present at the next meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, was duly received.

In reply, I beg to say that, if my arrangements will permit, it will afford me pleasure to comply with your invitation. As I change my place of residence to another part of the city about the last of this month, I am somewhat doubtful if I shall be able to leave home at that time. However, whether I am present or absent be assured that my whole heart is with you in the cause of the slave.

If my voice uttering its testimony against the guilt of oppression, upon your platform, can be of any service, it shall be heard there, if in my power. He walks a way strewn with thorns who, either South or North, fronts the great sin of our national life, and bears against it the entire weight of his opposition; but it is a way which piety and patriotism both mark out, and which duty bids us follow. May God help all such, and give victory to the right and the true!

With great respect, yours very truly,

CHARLES HOWARD MALCOM.

On Mr. Garrison's motion, *Voted*, That, in consideration of the number of speakers present, each one be requested not to extend his remarks beyond thirty minutes.

Voted, That the hour of 11½ be assigned for the consideration of the financial condition of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and of contributions to its treasury.

ANDREW T. FOSS was called upon, and said that the thirty minutes rule would not incommode him, as he only wished to speak a short time. He wanted to criticize a little Mr. Wright's resolutions, which said that the slave was not to blame for practising the lessons of violence and enslavement taught him by his master. He (Mr. Foss) considered such a slave culpable, inasmuch as he did not believe that the slave could think slavery right in itself. There was not a slave so ignorant or degraded but knew that slavery was a crime, be it practised by black or white. God had not made the human soul so mean as to be capable of believing that slavery was right. He did not consider there could be actual *infidelity* to the everlasting truth ordained by God. That is always recognized and acknowledged, although people may fail to live to it.

Mr. WRIGHT rose to defend his position, and said it was the universal sentiment of the nation that the black man has no right to do to the white as the white man does to the black, in regard to the rights of property and person. It was in view of this infernal doctrine that he framed the resolutions. The question was, whether the people of the North would go down to prevent the slave from cutting his master's throat, should he rise to do so. The Republican party is pledged to do this as a party; is pledged to protect the master against his slave, but not the slave against his master.

J. H. FOWLER, of Cambridge, proposed to exhibit the objects and results of the Garrisonian party and of the Republican party. The Republican party, on the testimony of its leaders, has no ulterior ends but the non-extension of slavery; and even in the Chicago platform, there is no declaration of a purpose to admit no more slave States. The Republican party is no more anti-slavery than the Democratic party of Ohio in 1845, and of other States in 1848. The non-extension principle would admit of the growth of slavery where it is to a vast extent, a hundred times its present size, or more. The object of the Abolitionists can only be accomplished by force—the force of civil organization or the force of arms, *i. e.* insurrection. The former should be chosen.

Rev. N. R. JOHNSTON, of Topsham, Vt., next took the stand. He said he would be brief, and if, last evening, when listening to speeches eloquent, while the fire was burning in his own bosom, he had had an opportunity, he would have given vent to the thoughts rising in his soul for utterance. Upon the Garrisonian platform he felt at home. He had heard several ministers of the gospel say that, though they stood upon the Garrisonian platform, they should go next November and vote for Lincoln and Hamlin. This he deemed inconsistent. He referred to what was said the evening previous about the doctrines of damnation and salvation; and he must say he still believed in a hell for the oppressor and his apologist. But he did not come here for the purpose of discussing any theological doctrine, but only about slavery, simply stating that he took Jesus Christ for his guide. He argued the wickedness of sustaining a slaveholding government. He closed with offering the following resolution:

Resolved, That the high moral position occupied by the non-voting Abolitionists who adopt the motto, "No Union with Slaveholders in either Church or State," is the only position the Christian can rightly and safely occupy, and, at the same time, tends most powerfully to the destruction of slavery; whilst all other theories and positions are not only sinful, but most corrupting in their tendency and subversive of the very foundation of morality, and therefore to be repudiated by all lovers of God and man.

Mr. CLARKE said, as the subject of theology was before the meeting, he would sing a song, "The Dream," which he did, greatly to the gratification of the assembly.

The hour assigned for taking donations to the Society having arrived, the Finance Committee proceeded to receive such contributions, and Mr. PHILLIPS took the platform, and spoke in behalf of a generous contribution to the Society's treasury. Our movement, said he, is the only one that has for its object THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY. We have upon our shelves thousands of publications, the recent incidents of the reign of mob-law at the South, the letters of Victor Hugo, John Brown's example, Mrs. Child's "Right Way the Safe Way," O'Connell's Testimonies, &c., to be carried to the people. Who shall carry them? Most of the anti-slavery people vote, and go to some church every Sabbath, which utterly fails in its duty to the slave, and find some kind of ethics which justifies them in so doing. He wished them to at least earn the right to be considered honest in their ethics, by putting their shoulders to the wheel to help along the old pioneer Society. We come here to listen to men whose lives are given to the cause, but who, living in the very focus of action and constantly applied to for donations of money, have but little to give to any one cause. It is from those who live *outside* the pressure that aid is expected. He had no respect for abolitionists who came to the convention merely for an hour's amusement and to let their "blood bound to keep step to the music" of God's providence and purpose. He related an anecdote of a convert to the anti-slavery faith, who said, with much self-congratulation in his newly-gained freedom, that when he was a church-member it had cost him fifty dollars a year, but *this* cause had cost him only five!

Mr. GARRISON introduced to the audience two young lads, fugitive slaves from the State of Kentucky, who had made good their escape and wished to get employment. They were smart-looking lads of 17 and 15 years of age.

DEXTER S. KING, of Boston, referred to his intimacy in early days with Peter Salem, the colored man who shot Major Pitcairn at Bunker Hill; also to his interest in the school of Prudence Crandall for colored girls, in Canterbury, Conn. He said his blood was warm before that school was mobbed, but after the mob his blood boiled! He went on to give some interesting facts about the former history of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the subject of slavery, and stated their present position. He thought there had been a great advance on the part of that body. Their standing rules have always forbidden the buying and selling of human beings as slaves. Four years ago they sought to change the rule to "buy *or* sell." Yesterday, at Buffalo, nearly two-thirds of the General Conference voted to alter the rule so as to make the "buying, or selling, or *holding*" of slaves a sin, and a ground for discipline. Editors of Methodist organs, who have been desirous of letting the subject of slavery alone, have been removed by the Conference, and others have been appointed in their place. And although, for want of a two-thirds vote in the Conference, the desired change had not been made in the rules, the moral effect of the vote—being, as it was, nearly 2 to 1—remained. For himself, he was a voter in the Republican party, and held to those *ulterior designs*, touching the abolition of slavery, which the party itself denied.

AARON M. POWELL, of New York, wished to consider the Methodist Episcopal Church in the light in which the slave must view it, and in the light in which the gentleman who last spoke presented it. What would have been thought had the General Conference fallen short of a two-thirds vote in condemning one of the greater evils of society, like prostitution? In its present position, the Methodist Episcopal Church is composed of those who are the body-guard of slavery, and the last speaker confessed himself one of that guard. The only stay to the tide which is setting towards slavery in Church and party is to be found on this platform.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER spoke of his change of views, and of the new political party of which he is a supporter. He objected to the attack on that party which had been made here in the resolutions of the Business Committee, and accordingly should move that those resolutions relative to the Constitution be indefinitely postponed. He wished fair play for the new party, which he claimed would one day be *the* movement of the country.

Mr. GARRISON, in reply to Mr. Foster, begged the attention of the audience to a second reading of the resolutions. He replied to the assertion of Mr. Foster that the resolutions were an attack upon the new party. They were, he said, merely the embodiment of the sentiment of the Society for twenty years. He maintained that, in fact, and in the confession and practice of the American people, the Constitution was what the resolutions pronounced it.

Mr. FOSTER complained of misrepresentation which he had suffered at the hands of the Anti-Slavery Society for the last four years. He went on to defend his course in moving for the indefinite postponement of the resolutions.

The question was put on Mr. Foster's motion, and it was rejected.

Adjourned to the afternoon.

AFTERNOON.—The Convention was called to order by the President at 3 o'clock.

S. S. FOSTER claimed the floor to discuss the resolutions before the Convention.

Rev. S. J. MAY, of Syracuse, said that notice had been given yesterday that at this hour resolutions on the death of Theodore Parker would be offered.

EDMUND QUINCEY moved that the resolutions now before the Convention be temporarily laid on the table. Carried.

WENDELL PHILLIPS then presented and read the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the death of our beloved friend and fellow-laborer, John W. Browne, the anti slavery cause has lost a most uncompromising and devoted friend—one who gave to it the aid of strong original powers and the most liberal culture; the example of a life of rare simplicity, and of the most scrupulous and delicate conscientiousness—a spirit of self-sacrifice, and of rigid adherence to absolute right at every cost—a peculiar sweetness and openness of conduct, which won the attention and regard of those who most hated his opinions, and a hand only too generous in lavishing aid on every applicant; in him, the cause of woman, of the poor, the intemperate, the imprisoned, and of the slave, lost a ripe intellect, a brave, loving and religious spirit, a vigilant and untiring friend—one who spared neither time, money nor effort—and in the path of duty asked no counsel of expediency, met cheerfully every sacrifice, paused at no peril, and feared not the face of man.

Resolved, That the President of this convention forward a copy of this resolution to the widow of Mr. Browne, with an assurance of our most respectful and profound sympathy with her in her great loss.

Resolved, That in the death of our beloved friend and fellow-laborer, Theodore Parker, liberty, justice and truth lose one of their ablest and foremost champions—one whose tireless industry, whose learning, the broadest, most thorough and profound New England knows, whose masterly intellect melted into a brave and fervent heart, earned for him the widest and most abiding influence; in the service of truth and right, lavish of means, prodigal of labor, fearless in utterance; the most Christian minister at God's altar in all our Commonwealth, one of the few whose fidelity saves the name of the ministry from being justly a reproach and bye-word with religious and thinking men; a kind, true heart, full of womanly tenderness—the object of the most unscrupulous even of bigot and priestly hate, yet on whose garments bitter and watchful malice found no stain—laying on the altar the fruits of the most unresting toil, yet ever ready as the idlest to man any post of daily and humble duty at any moment, in him we lose that strong sense, deep feeling and love of right for whose eloquent voice millions waited in every hour of darkness and peril; whose last word came, fitly, across the water a salutation and a blessing to the kindred martyrs of Harper's Ferry, the store

simple question whether the United States shall hold slaves.

Then he goes into another question—that of the inter-State slave trade, which the South herself has, on frequent occasions, taken the opportunity to protest against. In regard to that, he is not at all in favor of stopping it; and in regard to the Fugitive Slave bill, he has no objections to it, and he would have objections to introducing the question of repealing it, as an element of agitation ("hear, hear"). That is the amount of anti-slavery, if you choose to call it such, which, according to the Chicago thermometer, the Northern States are capable of bearing. The ice is so thin that Mr. Lincoln, standing six feet and four inches, cannot afford to carry any principles with him on to it! (Laughter.)

But take a more favorable element of the Republican movement, as you might call it—Mr. Wilson or Mr. Sumner, for instance—the very best specimens, perhaps, of the Republican mind. Do you ever see one of them here? Have they ever avowed their purpose to seek, as a distinctive end, the abolition of slavery in the Southern States? See how the man whom *The Tribune* defends, and who is considered just now the standard-bearer of the political sentiment, see how he describes such a meeting as this. Mr. Douglas had charged him with saying that he meant to go to the banks of the Ohio, and throw stones into Kentucky, and disturb their domestic institutions. Of course, that means that he meant to hold anti-slavery meetings in Ohio, and criticize the institutions of Kentucky; hold them up as sinful, and claim of the Ohio people that they should give them no encouragement, and when they saw a slave, free him. That is what was meant by the figure. Now, Mr. Lincoln says, "I don't understand that the framers of the Constitution left the people of the free States in the attitude of firing bombs and shells into the slave States"; and he adds, there is no charitable way of judging the man who made such an accusation against him except by supposing that he is crazy; and thus, that when Stephen A. Douglas charged him, the standard-bearer of the political anti-slavery party—such as it is, so-called—when he charged him with the intention of using his free tongue to make it less easy for Robert Wickliffe to hold his slaves, the enormity of the accusation was such that Mr. Douglas must have been crazy.

That is the state of the political world. That is the index which shows you how far the political world has travelled. At yonder door, you will see John Doy, of Kansas, and in his hands an account of his life there and in a Missouri jail. That book will tell you that a few earnest men, abolitionists, thinking that there was something higher than law, something more potent than a Missouri writ to commit a free man to a Missouri jail, went across the border and took him out; he never having been in Missouri, it was physically impossible that he should ever have offended Missouri law. That was one of the outbreaks, the natural outbreaks, of abolition feeling in the Northern States. That was one of the inevitable results of these anti-slavery principles planted in the hearts of the common people. Mr. Doy comes out of jail—comes East—comes to New England. Where does he find one atom of sympathy? In Republican meetings? From leading Republicans? From anything that can call itself Republican? No jot of it. They cannot afford to sympathize with him. He only finds it in abolition meetings. Take Mr. Hyatt. Mr. Hyatt goes to Washington to look despotism in the face, to assert the constitutional rights of the citizen, invaded by a Senate Committee; and, knowing no other way to serve the nation, he refuses to obey the unconstitutional law, and walks into jail. What says *The New York Tribune*, the organ of political anti-slavery? "A fool for your pains!"—"If he is not crazy, he ought to be."

I am only showing you that, as Abolitionists, we can place no reliance on anything outside of this professedly anti-slavery movement. We have not yet emancipated Wm. H. Seward, much less the black slave (cheers). We have not yet taken the gag off the lips of Northern ministers and Northern politicians; we are just so far from our work. What is, therefore, undoubtedly our policy, what is the inevitable dictate of duty, under these circumstances? It is, not to allow our hopes to centre on the success of a certain political party or candidate. I have no objection, personally, to the success of Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Seward; but I would rather that Stephen A. Douglas should be President than either of them. We cannot afford yet to let Mr. Lincoln succeed, because, if he should, the country will say, "The North has got the helm, let us see what the North is ready to do—wait!"—and we shall have four years of waiting, to see what Abe Lincoln won't do! (Laughter.) These four years will be wasted. He will waste them in trying to make up his mind on the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia—in finding out whether, after all, there ought to be an internal slave trade. We cannot afford the success of such a man. Put a Democrat into the Presidential chair, and Mr. Lincoln is an agitator, Mr. Seward is an agitator, every Republican is an agitator. Free from the responsibilities of office, they can afford to speak their sentiments, to a certain extent. They can afford to speak of Kansas; they can afford to speak of Mr. Hyatt. Why, Mr. Hyatt would be a martyr if this was the first day of December instead of May, because then the Presidential election would be over, and it could have neither good nor bad influence on the Republican nominee or the Republican canvass. *The Tribune*, instead of being brutal, would be only the faithful servant of the Northern thermometer.

My deduction from this is tantamount to what I am now going to say. We are accustomed to look at the slave as simply a victim under the heel of an individual white man. Our movement does not so regard him. That political party looks at the statute-book as the best result of the present state of America, as such. I do not. I consider that statute-book the best result of the moral sentiment of the white race. There is another race in this country that have no voice in that statute-book. They are a race—they are a nation. I do not stand here to-day on the point that there is one slave to whom somebody has done an injustice, and we must go to the white man, and crave that he will grow to be a better man, and raise his victim. That statute-book is the house of Hapsburg and the law of Austria, and the negro is Italy, standing under the hoof of Austria. What says Europe to Italy, standing so? Does it say, "Wait! Garibaldi"? Does it say, "Wait, Victor Emanuel"? Does it say, "Wait, Mazzini! wait, Count Cavour! until Francis Joseph gets so to be a decent man and a Christian; until the populace of Vienna get merciful enough to recognize the rights of Venice"? No! Europe says to Italy, "If you have iron, make it into swords, and tear down the house of Hapsburg! (Loud cheers.) You are a nation, and you have a right, as such, to assert Italian liberty against Austrian invasion!" When I look at the black man, I look at him as a nation. He is a race. He is the majority of the State of South Carolina; there are more blacks than whites there. They have a right to vote; they have a right to choose their own government; they have a right to make slaves of every scoundrel, descended from six generations of scoundrels, who undertakes to own slaves in the Palmetto State. On every principle of justice and republican law, that is their right. When I speak of the rights of the blacks, I begin by recognizing their right—exactly as I do that of Italy—the moment they can get their feet and their hands free, to use their hands in strangling every white man south of Mason and Dixon's line. I know you look upon this as fanatical, but it is the corner-stone of everything like a vital anti-slavery movement to look at the black man not as a single pitiable victim, but as a great race, engaged in conflict with the white race—not obliged to wait until some considerate robber new-models his statute-book, until some county court lawyer of Illinois gets time to consider the question whether slavery in the District of Columbia is a sin or not. The slave has the right, and our duty is to let the country know, as a matter of ethics, to introduce it as an element of American thought, that he has the right to free himself, the moment he gets the power. What freed Italy? What put Victor Emanuel on the throne of half Italy to-day, and sent Garibaldi to Italy? The fact that Mazzini and Napoleon, before he mounted the throne, and every French newspaper, and every English, never for a moment gave up acknowledging the right of Italy, the moment she got the power, to put down Austrian violence by force. Away with the idea of insurrection! Victor Emanuel is not an insurgent; Garibaldi is not a rebel; Mazzini is not a conspirator. Venice and Rome were never so thoroughly annihilated under the foot of the German, that to rise up and claim the independence of classic Italy was a crime against anything deserving the name of law; and the race that has produced such men as have walked our streets—thirty thousand, capable of taking their rights in their hand, and seeking them at every peril, under the protection of the English flag, in Canada—the race that has sent us such men as have spoken to you this morning (applause)—has never been so degraded, its manhood has never been so trodden out by the white men of thirty States, that when it rises to claim its rights, it can be called insurrection (loud applause). John Hancock was not a rebel. George the Third was a tyrant, and the man that rose against him was a free man, standing on God's platform, and claiming nothing but his rights. The tyrants of the Carolinas, steeped in a blackness of darkness compared with which George the Third was an angel of light—the men who rise against them are free men, and not rebels (applause). There is a great deal in words. There is no State south of Mason and Dixon's line. There is nothing but hordes of pirates, in midnight conclave, putting their hands into the pockets and into the souls of their fellow-men (applause).

There are a great many men very anxious—indeed, I have heard Mr. Caleb Cushing express the most profound anxiety—for fear such speeches as these injure the cause of the slave (laughter). Democratic Conventions all over the country listen to speeches from very earnest, enthusiastic men, bewailing the fact, that the efforts of Mr. Garrison and his followers have injured the cause of the "poor slave." Well, what have we ever done, that Mr. Lincoln is so much alarmed that he thinks that to enter an anti-slavery meeting is to "throw bombs and shells into Kentucky"? That is the way he describes it; holds it off at arms' length. I have nothing to do with that miserable agitation, says he, which makes Kentucky unhappy. What has that agitation claimed? Has it claimed for that slave in the Carolinas justice? That poor man, on the deck or in the hold of that Democratic steamer that left Charleston, and who was sent back to the hell of the Carolinas, how much did he ask of those Democrats? Justice! Did he say to them, "Gentlemen, for six generations I and my fathers have cultivated the soil of Carolina, until it reflects the hues of Paradise. I have poured wealth into the lap of the white man; I have sent his sons to Europe and to the North for education; I have nestled him in luxury; I have put him on to the very highest level of the nineteenth century; I have founded for him the stateliest mansions; I have built for him the most comfortable cities; I have subdued for him the most fertile of States; I have filled his coffers to overflowing; I have made him the basis of the commerce of the world. Naked, penniless, herded with the brute, all I ask is to creep out from under this avalanche of oppression, and own the two hands that God gave me!" (Loud applause.) That was all he claimed. He did not say, "Democrats! men who hold to the theory of equal justice! I claim of that master that he shall give to me a pittance of the wealth I and my fathers have created. I claim of him that he shall not turn me out hated and penniless, but shall give me clothing and food, a few months of education, and a little something to start with in the world." No! all he asked was, "Drop me in mid ocean! Sever me from the Carolinas, naked as I am! Give me nothing but the muscles which your tyranny would have taken from me, if you could have done it, for you have taken away everything else! Give me nothing but these, and let me breathe! All I ask is what the veriest criminal asks—liberty to breathe!" That is all the anti-slavery enterprise has ever claimed, and that claim is so frightful that Mr. Lincoln has not had time to stretch his mind wide enough to take it in—to rise to a level of morals and sublime virtue high enough to comprehend it! He is ready to be President, but does not yet know whether two and two make four (laughter). He is ready to guide the affairs of thirty millions of people, but he does not know whether a man owns his own daughter, and has not made up his mind whether it is right to sell babies by the pound, and upon an auction-block that is placed side by side with the Capitol of the United States! One woman in that very District, seeing her two children about to be sold to New Orleans, took their lives with her own hands; and when she was asked the reason, said she would rather give them to God than let them go down the Mississippi. They put her in the United States jail, and the nation, shrinking from its own guilt, found an excuse for pardoning her, on the ground that she was insane! The Sermon on the Mount is crazy, in this country. Nobody ever does anything right who is not insane. (A voice—"True.") Nobody ever knows his rights except he is crazy (laughter). Nobody ever knows whether a father owns his child until he is fit for a lunatic asylum. That is the ethics of this country; and Mr. Lincoln, who has been in that District, seen the very jail, walked over the very bridge on which that woman stood when the United States Marshal arrested her for the heroism of protecting her own babes, for the divine act of saving her children from the Christian Republic of the nineteenth century, for the godlike deed of saving her children from Abraham Lincoln (applause)—the man who stood on that very bridge has not yet made up his mind whether the system which crushed that woman into that necessity is fit for a Christian Republic or not! I say, that if we would rouse such a people to the proper consideration of their own duties—if we would make them fit for the crisis in which they stand, it is necessary that we should go down to the very foundation of the ethics of this question; that we should no longer confine ourselves to the mere claim which the anti-slavery movement has made of simple freedom—bare liberty—peacefully letting men go out, after centuries of oppression. We have tried it thirty years, and politics has got down to that level [the speech of Mr. Lincoln].

There is no political anti-slavery existing at this moment. There is no movement in the political arena that calls itself anti-slavery. Of course, you know there is none in the Church. You know very well that, unfortunately, the ballot-box is a great deal ahead of the communion-table in its knowledge of ethics; and as we find no anti-slavery at the ballot-box, we cannot expect to find any at the communion-table. There rests upon us, therefore, that other duty of arraigning the theology of the country. It is no new duty. It always exists. If you want to be Republicans, if you want to be under self-governing institutions, you must not imagine that such a movement as this, either religiously or politically, is a temporary expedient, is merely a thing of a day, is going to die out in a few years, is merely the necessity of a few moments. Mr. Garrison is not the monstrous growth of some inordinately fevered state of the body politic. Just as long as this nation endures, just as long as self-government is practised, on whatever question tests the public sentiment of the States, there must always be a John the Baptist going out into the wilderness, followed by the curses of the pulpits of Judea (applause). And I will tell you why. I have been speaking our "treason"; now I come to our "infidelity" (laughter). I can honestly say, without the least desire to startle you by a seeming paradox or to say anything extravagant, but on the most mature consideration I can repeat what I have already said three or four times, that with such a Union and such a theology, I wonder any decent man retains a shadow of respect for what are called Christian institutions (applause). As an observer of my own times, I marvel at the patient and long-enduring prejudice in favor of Christianity which makes men cling to the belief that there is something in it, when, in this nation of ours, it has been such a total failure in grappling with the sins of our own generation. I marvel at the faith that can believe, spite of demonstration against it. I marvel at the faith that is able to see the visible Church of God, when for thirty years it has been totally invisible (laughter and applause). Look at it! Not one large sect in the land, not one respectable denomination, willing to confess that they have it in their hearts to ask for the abolition of slavery! *Not one!* Dr. South-side Adams, Dr. Gardner Spring, Dr. Stuart of Andover, Dr. Lord of New Hampshire, the New York *Observer*, they are not marvels; they are only little spots of rust. The marvel is, that the whole body has any health in it; that it sits there contented to acknowledge to the world that they have, or pretend to have, the sword of the Spirit, and don't intend to use it; that they are banded an organization against sin, and don't dare to say a word against slavery! Why is this? It is no fault of the individual clergyman. You expend yourselves in individual criticism. What is Dr. Adams? A mere chip on the surface of a barren sea of Sodom! (Loud applause.) What matters he? Nothing! He is nothing but a solitary leaf, hanging, in the late autumn, on the otherwise leafless and barkless branches of what ought to be a tree (applause). Nothing else! But what is the tree—what is the Church! I do not deny the intellectual ability of the pulpit; I do not deny the scholarly attainments of the clergy; they have enough of both to occupy a much better position than they do before the world. But the pulpit can never be anything but a servant in a country like ours; the pulpit can never be anything but a slave in a country like ours. The pulpit is nothing but the outer shed of the Lawrence factories; it is nothing but the outer shed of those colossal treasure-houses at Lowell (sensation). The overseer inside the mills, at a salary of three thousand dollars a year, takes care of the hands of the operatives for six days; the subordinate overseer, in the town church, on Sunday, takes care of their morals for twelve hundred a year. They are both hired by the same wealth, owned by the same stockholders, and preach to the same whirring of the shuttle that is heard six days in the week, and echoed on Sunday (applause). I bring no accusations against individual men. You cannot make bricks without straw. My friends, I am not saying that to startle you. What possible benefit could it be for me, in middle life, to come here to tickle your ears, and make you hate me? None whatever. Do not think me such a thrice-sodden fool! I am only trying to show you the land in which you live. I am only trying to uncover the muscles and bones of this body politic, and let you know it. That church, so situated, cannot lead public sentiment. You might as well ask the slave of the Carolinas to dictate the policy of the State. One or two independent clergymen, like Dr. Cheever, for example, cannot make fresh the waters of the Dead Sea of American Sectarianism (applause). There is not enough of him. He is only the exception that proves the rule. What, therefore, is necessary? Why, this is necessary, that you should come here—you, American citizen—you, American church-member—you, Abolitionist—that you should come here, or go somewhere else, equally free, and create a public sentiment that can deal with slavery. I do not find fault with Abraham Lincoln, or Henry Wilson, or Wm. H. Seward, that in the Senate of the United States he says that, as a politician, he swears to do this, that, or the other. I do not find fault with him for that, because, in the manacles of the Constitution, he can do no more. What I find fault with him for is that, while he is using that one little weapon of the ballot, he does not go out into the highways and byways of the country, and, outside of that political organization, as a man, labor to create a public sentiment able to deal with this question. William H. Seward once said to me, "Your speech in regard to public opinion is all very correct, but I am in the Senate, and I can do nothing about it. You must create public opinion, and I will use it." Well, it was a fair thing, as far as it went; but the question resolved itself into this: Is there a William H. Seward? Is there a *man* behind that coat, or merely a New York Senator? Is it a man, with a conscience? When he goes up to God, and the Almighty asks him, "What did you do to help the bondman?" will he say, "I did all the Empire State would let me. I did all that, considering the Democratic city of New York, it was available for me to do. Charles O'Conor, and James Buchanan, and Stephen A. Douglas were such consummate rascals, that, O Lord, I could not afford to be a man (laughter and applause). If I had done so, my neighbors would have called me crazy, and I never should have been available." So he put himself into the iron bedstead of a New York Senator, and when he had got there—when, with one hand, he had laid his sacrilegious grasp on that cross of Virginia and said, "John Brown was a felon; thank God they hung him!"—when he had stretched out the left, and filled it to overflowing with that other atrocious lie, that in his soul he believed that the vilest of our thirty States was better than the best of European governments—with his two hands filled with lies, thank God! thank God! thank God! that there was life enough left in the North for Chicago to say to him, "You are too dirty! (Applause). You are not available. Your instinct was not sharp enough. You went too low." Henry Clay said in '39, that "that was property which the law made property." But the American people said, "a wee bit too low, Harry!" and they left him at Ashland (applause). In 1860, Mr. Seward, fresh from Europe, made another bid for the Presidency. His instinct was not keen enough; he went too low. They said, "It won't do, Billy! Go home to Auburn, we want a cleaner man." And they took Lincoln. Behind that nomination there is an infinitely more hopeful sign. There is a growth of the American conscience which even the politician has to remember, and he must so play his cards that there shall not rest upon his memory anything so utterly infamous, that the heart of the North cannot defend itself against this conscience, scattered here and there among the people, which demands, at least, a *decent* candidate.

Mrs. FOSTER—Is Lincoln cleaner?

Mr. PHILLIPS—Yes, he is; because he has never said, in so many words, that John Brown was "justly hung." He never said, in so many words, that Arkansas, symbolized by a bowie knife, and her sky lit up by burning slaves, was better than London, in the scale of civilization and Christianity (applause). A man may be capable of a lie, but if he has not already uttered it, if he has not already gratified the devil by speaking it, he has not got so low as the statesman of Auburn (laughter and applause). I thank God, therefore, that William H. Seward was rejected after making such a speech. It is a good sign. It is a sign that, far off there in the North-west, there is a leaven of that spirit that looks upon the negro as a nation, with the right to take arms into its hands and summon its friends to its side, and that looks upon that gibbet of John Brown, not as the scaffold of a felon, but as the cross of a martyr (tremendous applause).

A VOICE—Was he nominated because he was a better man than Mr. Seward?

Mr. PHILLIPS—No, not because he was a better; for he never had said, he never had even condescended to consider whether there is an "irrepressible conflict." William H. Seward's name is irremediably associated with that great philosophic principle. Mr. Lincoln is known merely as the antagonist of Douglas. He is claimed here, by his defenders, as not up to the level even of the Whigs of 1844. Webster may gather his dust together in his grave, and ask of the North, "Why blame me, if pattern Anti-Slavery can select a man not worthy to unloose the latchet of my shoes as its standard-bearer in 1860?" (Applause.) For every blow that Abraham Lincoln ever struck against the system of slavery, the martyr of Marshfield may claim that he has struck a hundred (applause); and yet we say, and say it justly, that Webster was a traitor to the Northern States, and when Massachusetts put his statue on the State-house Green she wrote herself down recreant. We say, and say truly, that he sacrificed the North, and that God will probably hold him, more than any other single man, accountable for the wasted twenty years of political anti-slavery. But who is this huckster in politics? who is this county court advocate? who is this who does not know whether he has got any opinions? Why, he is like the tutor at Cambridge, of whom the students said, that "his mind was full of all manner of emptiness" (great merriment). What is his recommendation? It is that nobody knows bad or good of him. His recommendation is, that out of the unknown things in his past life, journals may make for him what character they please. His recommendation is, that his past is a blank; and the statesman of New York, who has done (for so it may be said, to the honor of William H. Seward) as much as any man in politics has done, to marshal the North on the political anti-slavery platform, is unavailable because of those efforts—nothing else.

What are we to do? We are to create a sentiment capable of bearing up a statesman like William H. Seward, with his speeches in his right and left hands. You do not believe—there is not a man here who believes—the proudest and firmest friend of Mr. Seward does not for a moment believe that he, in his heart, thought that Arkansas, the vilest of the states, repudiating its debts, burning negroes, mobbing white men, incapable of tolerating free speech, a jumble of pirates, a horde of pilferers, a place where, before an honest man visits it, he makes his will and gives up his life insurance (laughter)—no man believes, and you know he never believed, that such a State as that was the equal of England, with Shakspeare and Milton, with Christianity and civilization, with Carlyle, with Romilly, with Mackintosh, with Wilberforce, with Howard, with Burke, with Florence Nightingale, in her bosom (loud applause). Never! never! You know he never thought it. You hung upon his skirts. Your indifference, heedless prejudice, trembling pro-slavery hatred of the anti-slavery movement, dragged him down to lay on the altar of his Presidential aspirations what every man in that Senate-chamber knew was a lie (loud applause). And almost every man in this country—every intelligent man—knows that William H. Seward no more believes that John Brown was justly hung than he believes that the martyrs of English history were justly hung—that Sydney and Vane perished rightfully on the scaffold. If he lives to the honest age of seventy, when an American, having given up all hope of the Presidency, can afford, for once in his life, to speak the truth—if he lives to that age, and in some forgetful moment lets his heart flow out, as it did once at Plymouth Rock, you will hear those same wise lips of his group with Tell and with Wallace, with Vane and with Sydney, with Hampden and with Fayette, the more honored name of John Brown of Osawatomie (enthusiastic and prolonged cheering).

The labor of this meeting is to create a public sentiment which will embolden men like Seward to speak their thoughts. I know it is a seemingly almost disreputable object to be avowed, that we should be here to ungag the lips of great men, but it is nevertheless true. You know that our statesmen live by whispering at Washington what they would not for the world have known at home, and whispering at home what they would not for the world have known at Washington; and that they are politically dead the moment they are equally well known in both places (laughter). Cornelius Agrippa, the old necromancer of two centuries ago, it is said, in his magic glass, would summon before you the image of friend or relative, and let you see his occupation; or he would bring out some past or future hour of your own life, and let it stand revealed and palpable before you, and you would hear, echoing in the arches, the words which you had spoken, or were about to speak—so powerful was the magic. Suppose that at the very time that William H. Seward was uttering that cold-blooded, deliberate, well-considered, carefully-worded rebuke of John Brown, and Jefferson Davis, and Mason, and Wilson, and Sumner were sitting aghast, one with sorrow and another with wonder at the Senator's credulity which supposed they could believe him sincere—suppose that, at that moment, some necromantic art could have made to echo through the arches of the Senate-chamber the profuse oaths, the indignant oaths, the hearty, cordial, impetuous oaths with which, when he heard of the murder of Stevens, he denounced it as a man denounces it, as a Christian denounces it, as a free man denounces it—how the two would have mingled! the divine profanity above, the well-worded deviltry below (loud applause).

You will say this is very personal; you will say it is very harsh personality. I know it. Did you ever know men in earnest who did not attack things and men? Take Charles James Fox's speeches—why cannot you read them to-day? Because he grapples with a man; because he takes some rival statesman by the throat; because he says to the slave-traders of Bristol, "murderers!" because he deals with men right on the spot. Take the orations of Burke—why do you read them to-day? Because they are more interesting to-day than they were fifty years ago. When he got up to speak, the House of Commons left the room. There is nothing but personality, nothing but criticism of idols, nothing but analyzing of parties and Churches, that will do you any good. Call us fanatics, revile us for our personality, say that we attack reputations—what of that? We did not come into the world to keep ourselves clean. It is not our first and only duty to see that you love us. Popularity is not the great end of our creation. We came into the world to give truth a little jog onward; we came into the world to help our neighbor to his rights; we came into the world to take one link of the fetter off the limb of the slave. In order to do it, it is necessary to tear asunder your idols; in order to do it, it is necessary to cut the line that binds you vassal to the pulpit, and let you know that when you look up, you do not see an independent intellect, but you see the reflection of wealth. A hard thing to say; it makes a man odious to say it; but necessary to be said, necessary for you to learn, necessary for you to act upon. A negro cutting his master's throat is not a murderer—he is John Hancock in a new livery (loud applause). Necessary for you to know, necessary for you to believe, necessary for you to say; and when you have said it twenty-five years, it will be stereotyped into character, character into statutes, and statutes into an insurrection, as you call it—a revolution, as we say.

I know this is what you call revolutionary talking; I mean it such. Some men seem to think that this anti-slavery cause, being certain to succeed (nobody doubts that; God made the black man, and, as he reigns, he will see to it, in his own time, that the black man has his rights. If there is a God, the anti-slavery movement will succeed). Before I pass from that, however, allow me to show you how our religious teachers always put this idea of success, when they do pray—the very best of them. They will ask God to remove sickness, to give us rain, to give us peace and prosperity, to give us health. If they have a friend going abroad, they will ask God to protect him, generally, frankly, without suggesting conditions; but the best of them, when they come to pray for freedom, will say, "O Lord, wilt Thou break the yoke of the oppressor *in Thine own good time!*" suggesting that He had better not do it hastily (laughter); don't expect Him to do it at present; He may not be surprised, and we will not be surprised, if there is not any fitness of things just now. We want the rain to-day; we want the grain to-day; this friend wants safety on the Atlantic, and that wants relief from his fever—"grant it!" That man wants *liberty*—"give it—*in Thine own good time*" (laughter). "Don't give it too soon; he may not be ready for it!"

A VOICE—Brother Sloane don't pray so.

Mr. PHILLIPS (counting on his fingers)—Brother Sloane—any more? [A voice, "Dr. Cheever."] Any more? ["Henry T. Cheever."] Any more? ["Ward Beecher."] Any more? I have not got through one hand yet (loud laughter and applause). Forty thousand American pulpits, and the warmest friends and most intelligent have to bethink themselves before they can count up ten! (Applause.) I submit that, according to Old Testament rule, they are not enough to save Sodom, for they wanted ten (laughter and cheers).

Do not understand me as denying that there are glorious exceptions. Do not understand me as denying the worth of those. Our eloquent friend, Mr. Sloane, is so habitually upon this platform, that we almost forget to call him reverend (laughter). He is not included. I have no right to include, either, his whole brotherhood of seven hundred clergymen of the old "Covenanters," who keep their faith and stretch out no hand to touch the United States Constitution. I know there are local and secondary sects who are thus faithful and loyal to the principles of justice. I do not find fault with them. When I speak of the American Church, it is that body, represented by millions of Methodists, by millions of Presbyterians and Baptists and Congregationalists, all of them partners in one great conspiracy against the slave, all of them agreeing to keep the Bible out of the statute-book. To no one of their altars would a fugitive slave ever be ignorant enough to flee. In Egypt, in Rome, in Europe, all down the Middle Ages, if a fugitive slave could find the shelter of a Pagan or Catholic altar, he was safe from the law. What slave, dug up from the mud of the Carolinas, without ideas sufficient to know where the North Star is, was ever so ignorant as to run to the altar of South-side Adams for protection, even when a thousand miles from home? He knows it by instinct. You may take a hound, and fondle him in your parlor; you may feed him with the white hand of beauty, and make him a pet for a dozen years; but turn him into the forest, and let him see a deer, and he will spring at his jugular vein, and drag him down. So the fugitive slave, with every idea dragged down to the dust, with no capacity of counting five, with no sense, except to breathe, when he gets to Boston, with instinctive sagacity knows that he must give Essex Street Church the widest berth, and come as near as possible to this platform (applause).

I have forgotten what I was about to say, when I turned aside to speak of this matter of prayer; and as I have spoken longer than I thought, and as there are others who will occupy the time, you will excuse me from saying more.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.... XXXII.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MAY 21st, 1860.

SIR: The march of events has been very rapid since I wrote last, both on your side of the water and on ours. We do not pretend to be able to follow all the movements of all the parties in your political world, now that the names of the men who are put forward are so little known here as to carry no associations with them. The bringing forward of obscure men to fill high office seems to us a new and unfavorable feature in your polity. The setting aside of men who are pledged by their antecedents, for the sake of bringing forward those who can be made tools of, to serve the turn of the moment, indicates a hap-hazard state of affairs unfavorable to the working out of republican principles. But, on the other hand, it indicates the arrival of a crisis so stringent as to afford hope of a settlement. From the day when the cry rang through Pennsylvania Avenue, on Inauguration day, "Who is James K. Polk?" followed by the laugh of the crowd (and of President Polk himself), we have known that the crisis of your great struggle had arrived. From that time, we have been aware that your most eminent men would not be at the head of your affairs till your nation had decided its destiny for salvation or perdition. When slavery is abolished, or when the free States have separated themselves from all implication in it, you will, we trust, have great men once more at your head; to show the world that the faults of your polity are not owing to its republican construction. European liberals have a strong interest in this matter. Their opponents choose to ignore the slavery question, and to ascribe all that is wrong and mischievous in your condition and proceedings to your democratic principles; and your country will be a difficulty in the way of European liberalism till you have cast off your curse, and begun to show whether your republic will work after a fresh start. During such an interval we watch your Conventions—Southern, Northern, or other—with a strong but rather ineffectual desire to know what they mean. All that we can gather from the recent Charleston assembly is, that the Democratic party seems to be broken past repair; and we do not see how it can be again compacted till the slavery question is settled. I am not going to be so absurd as to write to you on American politics, except as to their bearings on the prospects of Europe; so I will say no more till new indications, intelligible to us, shall arise.

You will have seen that the fate of the Neapolitan kingdom has rapidly reached its crisis. The Bourbons could not have held it thus long but for the excess of their tyranny, which rendered concert among their subjects impossible. Three men could not speak together anywhere (unless in the wilds of the Sicilian mountains) without the police being down upon them. The one indispensable condition of their rebelling to any purpose was some leader appearing in their midst, with some resources in his hand; and such a leader must needs come from without. Once seen and heard, or only heard of as being on the spot, he is sure of a multitude of followers. He has long been looked for from the slopes of the Sicilian mountains—from the valleys of Calabria—from every mile of shore in Southern Italy. A whole population is ready to do the work, though long deprived of arms, of speech in the market-place, and of knowledge of what was going on in the world outside. They have their scythes and iron implements for arms; they are all full of the same thought, so that all is understood at their first assembling; and they must have felt that all good hearts everywhere were with them; and now that they have Garibaldi to lead them, we cannot doubt that their fate is in their own hands. If all sense and spirit have not been crushed out of them by their long torture, they must be able to oust their rulers, and carry on the liberation of Italy.

No one could be certain where the demonstration would be made which, by an electric touch, would distinguish and arrange the combatants in the great coming "War of Opinion in Europe," so long expected, so abortively undertaken in 1848, and so sure to be resumed ere long. The Sicilian outbreak at once places the parties opposite to each other. Ready before, they part asunder, and range themselves for the great fight. We hear of an alliance, offensive and defensive, of the Neapolitan Bourbons, the Pope, Austria, and the deposed Italian Princes. Can that beggarly crew really believe that they can make any stand against the will of the people of Europe, including most of their own subjects? The King of Naples cannot depend on his own troops, and has no hope but in foreign mercenaries, chiefly Austrian. The Pope's subjects are no less hostile; and he, too, depends on foreign mercenaries, without having means to pay them. Austrian soldiers are his reliance too. Austria has no money, nor the means of raising any; and the Emperor may be said to be at the mercy of Hungary. The singular phenomenon of a Hapsburg Prince proffering terms to Hungary shows that he is at last aware of the truth, up to that point. Eaten hollow by corruption, and humbled by failure in last year's war, Austria would be simply awaiting her doom, but for the childish character of her German population, reduced to political imbecility by the long operation of a centralized government. In the absence of danger from them, Austria might for some time longer bear the name and form of a great European empire, if times were quiet. As it is, she can hold her seat only till it suits the purpose of Europe to put her down, or to renew her tenure on fresh terms, and under a new set of rulers. The Italian Princes have nothing to contribute to the despotic cause but a few soldiers, and perhaps some little money. The Duchess of Parma has lost the sympathy which at first followed her, by carrying away cannon which are national property, and giving them to the Pope in the name of her son, who, as a minor, cannot authorize such gifts. Yet the cause of liberty is far less secure than it might seem to be from these facts. The man who might seem to be sent "from his brimstone bed, at break of day," to walk the earth, and try how much mischief he can do for a term of leave, is watching in the midst, to spoil everything. In our anticipations of this war of opinion, we always reckoned on France as on the right side. England and France, we hoped, would give heart and energy to Germany, and cause the right to prevail. But the ruler of France, after destroying the spirit and corrupting the principles of his own nation, is ready every moment to check every promising movement in Europe, to nullify every success, to mortify every aspiration, to cow each government in turn by threat of unseasonable war, and to cast over all the depression of doubt, dread and mystery. Now that he finds the Italian movement too strong to be openly withstood, he spoils the pleasure of it by hints that for every achievement in that direction he shall require "compensation" in the shape of a new annexation to France. The absurdity of the claim does not lessen the mischief; for it shows that nothing is to be hoped from the French people—so lately free and peaceful! It is true, the French funds go down at every hint of the Emperor's claims and intentions. We all know that the French people do not like his policy; but they say nothing and do nothing to check it, and allow the army to be the exponent of the national will. While everybody is watching whether he turns his arms against Belgium, or the Rhine provinces, or our Mediterranean possessions, or Turkey, a hesitation is introduced into the action of all governments which is the greatest possible detriment to the liberal cause. It cannot be long before he goes to war somewhere; and then everybody will know better what to do. It is not without shame that any one can write such an account of the power of any one man to do mischief; but if the French nation lend him their name and resources, what can the rest of the world do?

On the whole, the general expectation is that his first move will be either against Prussia (taking Belgium *en route*) or in the Levant. We hear of a secret alliance between him and the Czar against Turkey. In no other direction will Russia be formidable for a long time to come, if in that. Recent disclosures have shown that the Czar may be well satisfied if he can keep his own empire on its feet, and that he has actually no power to sustain a war. Some day I hope to send you some account of the desperate state of the emancipation question in Russia—not from any doubt of the Emperor's good will, but from the desperate state of the system of government he inherited. The abolition of slavery in your country is an easy task in comparison with serf-emancipation in Russia, for reasons which will appear before long. It must suffice now that the only chance for the Russian empire is in the changes which must accompany and accomplish emancipation; that emancipation is now seen to be far less probable than it appeared three years ago. The Czar is, however, making a demonstration, whatever it may be worth, against Turkey, in his Southern provinces, in apparent concert with France. He is not expected to take any side in German, Italian or French affairs. Prussia is preparing for self-defence, under the disadvantage of German disunion. England has pushed forward her defences in gallant style; and, except the Scandinavian kingdoms, there is no European country in which the expectation of an extensive war is not as vivid as in the time of the first Bonaparte. It is a mournful phenomenon in the 19th century; but, if the fate of despotic government is to be thus decided, the sooner the better.

If you have studied the Irish, of whom you see so many, you will hardly wonder at the successful recruiting of the priests on behalf of the Pope; but the fact may cause some curiosity among Americans as to what the Irish love of freedom really is. The formation of an Irish Brigade, to fight against the freedom of Italy, is a rather serious Irish bull, considering that there is no Protestantism or "Saxon blood" in the case. It shows simply that the sort of men who go are ignorant on political subjects, and tools of their priests. Though it is very proper for our government to warn these wrong-headed poor fellows of the illegality of their proceedings, I do not, for my own part, much regret their visit to Rome. As the best sort stay at home, they are not, generally speaking, good material for soldiers, and are not readily admitted into Lamoriciere's army; and they are at last in the way of learning how they are blessed with freedom at home, and what it is to be a subject of the Pope and his priests. Their own priests will find, when these men return, either as disgusted soldiers or as rejected recruits, that it was a mistake to send them from under their own eye.

Before I write next, it will probably have been decided whether it is permissible or not, by law, for our citizens, as individuals, to send money to the Sicilians, and others in their case. Of the illegality of supplying the Pope, or any other foreign sovereign, with an Irish Brigade there is no doubt whatever. The great constitutional question of the Lords' interference with the financial legislation of the Commons will also have been discussed by that time. It comes on to-day in the House of Lords, on occasion of the Paper Duty bill; and the debate is expected to occupy several nights. Its importance can hardly be overrated, both from its inherent character, and from the inconvenience of a Privilege controversy at the present juncture, and because the success of the Lords would more or less endanger the Ministry, whose existence is of the last consequence to the liberal cause on the Continent.

Lady Noel Byron is dead, after a series of unhoped-for recoveries from attacks of her malady, extending over twenty years. Some of us elderly people remember the time when she was the most interesting woman in England; and the sympathy which gravitated towards her more and more as her character and history became known, grew up into a sentiment of high esteem and deep honor for the way in which she passed her somewhat desolate life. Its early blight never cooled her affections, nor impaired her self-respect, nor spoiled her simplicity, nor discouraged her benevolence. In her your great cause has lost an ardent and intelligent well-wisher. We hear, too, that Theodore Parker is gone. Death and Time are busy with your cause: Death in robbing it of its friends, and Time in giving it strength to bear their loss.

H. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, June 5, 1860.

MR. HYATT has better prospects before him; indeed, it is said that Mr. Mason, of the Senate Investigation Committee, is getting tired of the game, and really wishes he had not "won the elephant." What shall he do with Mr. Hyatt? He sees that his continued imprisonment renders his (Mason's) name odious throughout the country. He perceives also that the Democratic party is likely to suffer somewhat in the free States by the act, for it is a Democratic Senate which is responsible for it. In the other House, a different and irritating investigation has been going on for months. Yet not a witness has been committed to jail, though on several occasions they have refused to answer certain questions. The House investigating Committee is more popular, therefore, than the lordly one of the Senate. These things have their effect upon Mr. Mason, the Committee and the Democratic Senate, and it is rumored that Mr. Hyatt will soon be discharged from the custody of his jail-keeper, or, to say the least, will be allowed the freedom of the city. You are aware that

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S ALBUM.

DEAR FANNY, starting into life,
What shall arm thee for its strife?
What shall lead thy steps aright?
Whence shall come thy guiding light?
Whence shall come the saving word?
How the voice of God be heard?
Not from sages, not from books,
Nor solemn stars, nor babbling brooks;
These all speak His power and love
Who rules below, and rules above;
But, to know His holy will,
Oft in silence deep and still,
Turn thy listening ear within;
There, midst life's disturbing din,
The "still, small voice," in whispers sweet,
Shall point the way and guide thy feet.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

AN HONEST ARAB.

WE had been on a fishing tour in the Highlands, and, *en route* to town, were idling a day or two in "the gray metropolis of the north." "Scotchman, Xpress, Merkerry, Fewzees, penny a hunder—this day's Scotchman, sir!" shouted a shrill-piped, ragged little imp at the tag end of a cold, wet, bitter day in October, as we stood blowing a cloud at the door of the New Royal in Princes street.

"No; we don't want any."

"Fewzees, penny a hunder, sir; this day's paper, sir—half price, sir—only a bawbee;" persisted the young countryman of Adam Smith, as the market showed symptoms of decline, and threatened to close decidedly flat.

"Get along, Bird's-eye, don't want any," growled Phillips.

"They're gude fewzees, sir, penny a hunder."

"Don't smoke," Phillips, *loquitur*, whiff, whiff, whiff.

"They're gude fewzees, sir, hunder and twenty for a penny, sir," coming round on my flank.

"No; don't want em, my boy."

The keen blue face, red bare feet ingrained with dirt, and bundle of scanty rags looked piteously up at me, moved off a little, but still hovered round us. Now, when I put down my first subscription to the One Tun Ragged School in Westminster, I took a mental pledge from myself to encourage vagrant children in the streets no more. Somehow in this instance that pledge would not stand by me, but gave way.

"Give me a penn'orth, young 'un."

"Yes, sir—they dinna smell."

"If the lucifers don't, the son of Lucifer does," threw in Phillips.

"Ah, I haven't got a copper, little 'un, nothing less than a shilling; so, never mind, my boy, I'll buy from you to-morrow."

"Buy them the nicht, if you please. I'm very hung-grey, sir."

"He'll give you his check for the balance, Geff."

His little, cold face, which had lightened up, now fell, for, from his bundle of papers, I saw his sales had been few that day.

"I'll gang for the change, sir."

"Well, little 'un, I'll try you—there is a shilling—now be a good boy, and bring me the change to-morrow morning to the hotel—ask for Mr. Turner."

"Give my friend your word of honor, as a gentleman, for the bob."

"As sure's death, sir, I'll bring the change the morn," was the promise of young Lucifer before he vanished with the shilling.

"Well, Turner," as we strolled along Princes street, "you don't expect to see your brimstone friend again, do you?"

"I do."

"Your friend will dishonor his I. O. U., as sure as—"

"Well, I won't grieve about the money; but I think I can trust yon boy."

"Can? Why you *hare* trusted him; and your deliberation savors remarkably of the wisdom of the historical stable-keeper, who began to think about shutting the door when—but the illustration don't seem to strike you as a novelty."

"Well, we'll see."

"Yes, wonders, but not young Brimstone and your money."

Next morning we were on the Roslin stage to "do" the wonderful little chapel there. It is a perfect little gem, and its tracery, and its witchery, and its flowers, and fruits, and stony stories charm and delight the civilized eye and soul as fresh to-day as they did the rude barbarians four long centuries ago. I never visit Edinburgh but I go and see that little chapel at Roslin, and always endeavor to have a fresh companion with me, to watch the new delight and joy he receives, and of which I am a partaker too. But to return to the Roslin stage. We were stopped near the university by a crowd congregated round some wretch brought to grief by the race-horse pace of a butcher's cart. A working man raised something in his arms, and, followed by the crowd, bore it off.

"It was over thereabouts, Phillips," I said, during the block-up, "that Lord Darnley, of exalted memory, was blown up in the Kirk o' the Fields, to which sky-rocketing Mary of Scotland and the Isles, Regina, his beauteous, loving, and ill-starred spouse, was said to be a privy and consenting party."

"Nothing peculiarly interesting or uncommon in that episode of connubial bliss, I should think, friend of mine. Blown up, my boy! One of dearest woman's dearest privileges—that's what you may look forward to when you pledge your plighted troth."

"Blown up by gunpowder, Charley, Guy Faux fashion, though. That's Darnley's garden-wall close by that public house, and that's the doorway of it built up."

"Quite right, too. No backways to the tap, says I. And Darnley be darned and blowed, too; but why don't Jehu handle his ribbons, and stir up his thoroughbreds? Now, then, one o'clock, the stage awaits."

"Did ye say ane o'clock, sir?" returned Jarvie, rustling his ribbons, after we had gone a little way. "I'm thinkin' ye're gey weel acquaint wi' that hour, 'the wee short hour ayont the twal,' as Robbie says. Wad ye hae me drive on, regardless o' life or limb, and may-be render anither bairn lifeless or an object for life? Na, na; ane o'clock kens better."

"What's put your pipe out, Charley, you neither smoke nor speak. Has 'ane o'clock' put it on the stopper?"

"I houp not, sir—meant nae offence, sir," said Coachee, who heard me. "Look ye, there's Craigmillar Castle, where puir Queen Mary spent a few o' her few happy days; and there's Blackford Hill, where Sir Walter says Marmion stood and saw

"'Such dusky grandeur clothe the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!'

And that's Liberton, where Mr. Butler in the Heart of Mid Lothian was Dominie. And yonder's Burdie House: there's rare fossil fish and other creatures got at its lime quarries, they tell me. Ah! I've mony a time seen puir Hugh Miller, wha's dead and gone, oot here ladened wi' bits o' stanes that he ca'd fine specimens, and gae'd lang nebbed foreign names to. Burdie House, ye ken, is Scotch for Bourdeaux House, a place where some of Mary's foreign courtiers lived; and that village you see ow'r by my whip was built for her French flunkeys, and is ca'd Little France to this very day."

* * * * * *

On our return to the inn, I inquired:

"Waiter, did a little boy call for me to-day?"

"Boy, sir?—call, sir? No, sir."

"Of course, Geff, he didn't. Did you really expect to see your young Arab again?".

"Indeed I did, Charley. I wish he had proved honest."

"Then, O Lucifer, son of the morning, how thou art fallen!"

Later in the evening a small boy was introduced, who wished to speak with me. He was a duodecimo edition of the small octavo of the previous day, got up with less outlay of capital—a shoeless, shirtless, shrunk, ragged, wretched, keen-witted Arab of the streets and closes of the city. He was so very small and cold and childlike—though with the same shivering feet and frame, thin, blue-cold face, down which tears had worn their weary channels—that I saw at once the child was not my friend of the previous night.

"Enter Antonio to redeem his bond!" Phillips, *loquitur*.

He stood for a few moments diving and rummaging into the recesses of his rags; at last little Tom Thumb said:

"Are you the gentlemen that boucht fewzees frae Sandy yesterday?"

"Yes, my little man."

"Weel, here's seven-pence (counting out divers copper coins); Sandy canna come; he's no weel; a cart ran ow'r him the day, and broken his legs, and lost his bannet, and his fewzees, and your four-pence-piece, and his knife, and he's no weel. He's no weel, ava, and the doc—tor says—he's dee—dee—in—and that's a' he can gie you, noo." And the poor child, commencing with sobs, ended in a sore fit of crying.

I gave him food, for though his cup of sorrow was full enough, his stomach was empty, as he looked wistfully at the display on the tea-table.

"Are you Sandy's brother?"

"Ay, sir;" and the floodgates of his heart again opened.

"Where do you live? Are your father and mother alive?"

"We bide in Blackfriars' Wynd in the Coogate. My mither's dead, and father's away, and we bide whiles wi' our gude mither," sobbing bitterly.

"Where did this accident happen?"

"Near the college, sir."

Calling a cab, we were speedily set down at Blackfriars' Wynd. I had never penetrated the wretchedness of these ancient closes by day, and here I entered one by night, and almost alone. Preceded by my little guide, I entered a dark, wide, winding stair, until, climbing many flights of stairs in total darkness, he opened a door, whence a light maintained a feeble, unequal struggle with the thick, close-smelling, heavy gloom. My courage nearly gave way as the spectacle of that room burst upon me. In an apartment, certainly spacious in extent, but scarcely made visible by one guttering candle stuck in a bottle, were an overcrowded mass of wretched beings sleeping on miserable beds spread out upon the floor, or squatted or reclining upon the cold, unfurnished boards.

Stepping over a prostrate quarrelling drunkard, I found little Sandy on a bed of carpenter's shavings on the floor. He was still in his rags, and a torn and scanty coverlet had been thrown over him. Poor lad! he was so changed. His sharp, pallid face was clammy and cold—beads of the sweat of agony standing on his brow—his bruised and mangled body lay motionless and still, except when sobs and moaning heaved his fluttering breast. A bloated woman in maudlin drunkenness (the dead or banished father's second wife, and not *his* mother) now and then bathed his lips with whiskey-and-water, while she applied to her own a bottle of spirits to drown the grief she hiccoughed and assumed. A doctor from the Royal Infirmary had called and left some medicine to soothe the poor lad's agony (for his case was hopeless, even though he had been taken first, as he ought to have been, to the Infirmary in the neighborhood), but his tipsy nurse had forgotten to administer it. I applied it, and had him placed upon a less miserable bed of straw; and leeing a woman, and occupant of the room, to attend him during the night, I gave what directions I could, and left the degraded, squalid home.

Next morning I was again in Blackfriars' Wynd. Its close, pestilential air, and towering, antique, dilapidated mansions (the abodes of the peerage in far-off times), now struck my senses. Above a doorway was carved upon the stone, "Except ye Lord do build ye house ye builders build in vain."

I said the room was spacious: it was almost noble in its proportions. The walls of panelled oak sadly marred; a massive marble mantelpiece of cunning carving, ruthlessly broken and disfigured; enamelled tiles around the fireplace, once representing some Bible story, now sore despoiled and cracked; and the ceiling, festooned with antique fruits and flowers, shared in the general vandal wreck. With the exception of a broken chair, furniture there was none in that stifling den. Its occupants, said the surgeon, whom I found at the sufferer's bed, were chiefly of our city's pests, and the poor lad's stepmother—who had taken him from the ragged school that she might drink of his pitiful earnings—was as sunk in infamy as any there.

For the patient, medical skill was naught, for he was sinking fast. The soul, looking from his light blue eyes, was slowly ebbing out, his pallid cheeks were sunk and thin, but consciousness returned, and his lamp was flickering up before it sunk forever. As I took his feeble hand, a flicker of recognition seemed to gleam across his face.

"I got the change and was comin'—"

"My poor boy, you were very honest. Have you any wish—any thing, poor child, I can do for you? I promise to—"

"Reuby, I'm sure I'm deein', wha will take care o' you noo?"

Little Reuben was instantly in a fit of crying, and threw himself prostrate on the bed. "O Sandy! Sandy! Sandy!" sobbed his little heart.

"I will see to your little brother."

"Thank you, sir! Dinna—dinna leave me, Reu—Reu—by. I'm com—comin', comin'—"

"Wisht! wisht!" cried little Reub, looking up, and turning round to implore some silence in the room. That moment the calm, faded smile, that seemed to have alighted as a momentary visitant upon his face, slowly passed away, the eyes became blank and glazed, and his little life imperceptibly rippled out.

The honest boy lies in the Canongate churchyard, not far from the gravestone put up by Burns to the memory of Ferguson, his brother poet, and I have little Reuben at Dr. Guthrie's ragged school, and receive excellent accounts of him, and from him.

"What of your young Arab, Turner?" said Phillips, the following afternoon. "Was he honest, and is he really ill?"

"Yes, Phillips, he was an honest Arab: but now he is 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"—G. T.—*Once a Week.*

THEODORE PARKER.

From The Liberator.

A REPRESENTATIVE MAN FALLEN.

THEODORE PARKER has been removed in the maturity of his marvellous faculties and powers, before completing his fiftieth year; having performed an immense amount of brain-work as a scholar, a thinker, a philanthropist, and a reformer, yet leaving undone much that his teeming mind and noble heart were constantly projecting. He had a large ambition, but it was to serve his race, and to banish superstition and error from the earth. His ability to acquire knowledge, in every direction, was most extraordinary, yet not greater than his disposition to use that knowledge with unbounded prodigality for the enlightenment and welfare of his fellow-men. Few men have ever possessed such powers of analysis and classification, reasoning from cause to effect, and showing the relation of things on a broad and philosophical basis. His works will be a splendid legacy to posterity. They are more read and better known in Europe than those of any other ethical writer in America, and have already revolutionized the ideas and opinions of a vast multitude on both sides of the Atlantic. However open to criticism in some respects, they challenge universal admiration for their scholarly proficiency and moral independence. Mr. Parker dared to be true to his highest convictions, and to utter them boldly, at great cost to his reputation; knowing that he would be branded as a heretic, and represented as "a pestilent and seditious fellow." It was not in his nature to wish to be singular, or to give offence in any direction; but he could not lay aside his manhood, or suppress his honest opinions, much as he desired to live in peace with all men. His personal friends were very strongly attached to him, for they knew his worth, and saw the daily beauty of his life. His death makes a void so great that it seems difficult to conjecture how it can ever be filled; but Divine Providence is never put to any extremity, and none of its designs are ever foiled by the removal of any man, however useful or great. We join, with a great multitude, in proffering our tenderest sympathies to his estimable widow, who was so eminently worthy to be the partner of one so widely renowned, and to whom he was so largely indebted for the joys and felicities of domestic life.

From The Boston Journal.

After due preparation, Mr. Parker entered the ministry, and was settled as pastor over a Unitarian Church in West Roxbury, Massachusetts. He first excited the suspicions of the religious world by the delivery of a sermon in South Boston, upon the occasion of the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Shackford, in the early part of the year 1841. We will make a single quotation from this sermon, which will indicate its character:

"It has been assumed at the outset, it would seem, with no sufficient reason, without the smallest pretence on its writer's part, that all of its authors were infallibly and miraculously inspired, so that they could commit no error of doctrine or fact. Men have been bid to close their eyes at the obvious difference between Luke and John; the serious disagreement between Paul and Peter; to believe, on the smallest evidence, accounts which shock the moral sense and revolt the reason, and tend to place Jesus in the same series with Hercules and Apollonius of Tyana.

"* * * An idolatrous regard for the imperfect Scripture of God's word is the apple of Atalanta, which defeats theologians running for the hand of divine truth. But the current notions respecting the infallible inspiration of the Bible have no foundation in the Bible itself."

This sermon created a good deal of excitement among the Unitarian body, especially the conservatives. They were not satisfied that a man holding such views should have the reputation of being a Unitarian clergyman in good standing. At this time, Mr. Parker left the country for Europe, where he remained for three years, making the acquaintance of many of its most learned and philanthropic men. Among others, we may mention the name of Thomas Carlisle, who continued his warm friend and admirer. In the autumn of 1844 he returned, and exchanged pulpits with the Rev. Mr. Sargent, of Boston, a Unitarian clergyman. The conservative Unitarians were exceedingly indignant that Mr. Sargent should admit such a heretic into his pulpit, and they commenced a persecution against him which obliged him to resign his charge. The Rev. Mr. Clarke, another Boston clergyman, soon after offered his pulpit to Mr. Parker, which resulted in great excitement and loss of members to the Church.

Soon after, Mr. Parker was virtually excommunicated from the Unitarian body. He had powerful friends everywhere in the region of Boston; he had warm sympathizers in the Unitarian Church, but they were not of sufficient numerical strength to be of service. His church in West Roxbury was crowded; his Boston admirers came out every Sunday in large numbers to hear him. At last they were determined that he should be entirely independent, and invited him to preach in the Melodeon. He accepted their invitation, and was settled as their pastor, in the old Puritan fashion. There were no rites or ceremonies connected with his society; he did not administer baptism or communion, and there is in fact no Church organization.

The published productions of Mr. Parker have been quite numerous, though mostly confined to theological works. In the year 1842 he published a 12mo. volume, entitled, "A Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion;" in 1843, a translation of "De Witte's Introduction to the Old Testament," in two 8vo. volumes; in 1843, also, a 12mo. volume of "Critical and Miscellaneous Writings;" in 1852, "Occasional Sermons and Speeches," in two 12mo. volumes; in 1853, "Ten Sermons on Religion," in one 12mo. volume; in 1854, "Sermons on Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology," in one 12mo. volume. The first of these has reached a fourth edition, all the others have reached the second, and with the exception of De Witte, all have been translated into German. In 1855, he published "Additional Sermons and Speeches," in two 12mo. volumes; in the same year, "The Trial of Theodore Parker for the misdemeanor of a Speech in Faneuil Hall against Kidnapping, with the Defence," in one 8vo volume. Besides these, he has published, in pamphlets, "The Moral Dangers incident to Prosperity," "Consequences of an Immoral Principle," "Of Immortal Life," "The Functions of a Teacher of Religion," "A New Lesson for the Day," and "The Great Battle between Slavery and Freedom," "A Sermon on Old Age," a Farewell Letter to his Society; and several other discourses, the titles of which we cannot now recall.

As a social reformer Mr. Parker was not less widely known than for his theological views. He was radical and uncompromising, and even intolerant, in treating of slavery and its evils. He was also the uncompromising enemy of all social vices. However men might differ from him in opinion, they could not but feel that he was sincere and honest in his theological and social ideas. And the purity of his life commanded the respect of all.

Mr. Parker was a ripe scholar, a vigorous thinker, and a fearless expounder. The great influence which he unquestionably exerted was based upon his intellectual qualities, for a more finished speaker never entered the pulpit. His sermons were essays, which were at once brilliant and profound, and excited admiration even where they failed to lead captive the intellect.

From Lowell's "Fable for the Critics."

Here comes Parker, the Orson of parsons, a man
Whom the Church undertook to put under her ban
(The Church of Socinus, I mean)—his opinions
Being So- (ultra) -cinian, they shocked the Socinians:
They believed—faith, I'm puzzled—I think I may call
Their belief a believing in nothing at all,
Or something of that sort; I know they all went
For a general union of total dissent:
He went a step further; without cough or hem,
He frankly avowed he believed not in them;
And, before he could be jumbled up or prevented,
From their orthodox kind of dissent he dissented.
There was heresy here, you perceive, for the right
Of privately judging means simply that light
Has been granted to *me*, for deciding on *you*,
And, in happier times, before Atheism grew,
The deed contained clauses for cooking you, too.
Now at Xerxes and Knut we all laugh, yet our foot
With the same wave is wet that mocked Xerxes and Knut;
And we all entertain a sincere private notion,
That our *Thusfar!* will have a great weight with the ocean.
'Twas so with our liberal Christians: they bore
With sincerest conviction their chairs to the shore;
They brandished their worn theological birches,
Bade natural progress keep out of the Churches,
And expected the tides they had drawn to prevail
With the fast-rising tide to keep out of their pale;
They had formerly dammed the Pontifical See,
And the same thing, they thought, would do nicely for P.;
But he turned up his nose at their murmuring and shamming,
And cared (shall I say?) not a d— for their damming;
So they first read him out of their Church, and next minute
Turned round and declared he had never been in it.
But the ban was too small or the man was too big,
For he reeks not their bells, books, and candles a fig
(He don't look like a man who would *stay* treated shabbily,
Sophronicus's son's head o'er the features of Rabelais);
He bangs and bethwacks them—their backs he salutes
With the whole tree of knowledge torn up by the roots;
His sermons with satire are plenteously verjuiced,
And he talks in one breath of Confutzee, Cass, Zerdusecht,
Jack Robinson, Peter the Hermit, Strap, Dathan,
Hush, Phut (not the bottomless, *that* he's no faith in),
Pan, Pillicock, Shakspeare, Paul, Toots, Monsieur Tonson,
Aldebaran, Alcander, Ben Khorat, Ben Johnson,
Thoth, Richter, Joe Smith, Father Paul, Judah Monis,
Museus, Muretus, hem—*in* Scorpionis,
Maccabee, Maccaboy, Mac—Mac—ah! Machiavelli,
Condorcet, Count d'Orsay, Conder, Say, Ganganelli,
Orion, O'Connell, the Chevalier D'O,
(Whom the great Sully speaks of) TO PAN, the great toe
Of the statue of Jupiter, now made to pass
For that of Jew Peter! ood Romish brass—
(You may add for yourselves, for I find it a bore,
All the names you have ever, or not, heard before,
And when you've done that—why, invent a few more).
His hearers can't tell you on Sunday beforehand,
If in that day's discourse they'll be Bibled or Koraned,
For he's seized the idea (by his matyrdom fired),
That all men (not orthodox) *may be* inspired;
Yet, though wisdom profane with his creed he may weave in,
He makes it quite clear what he *doesn't* believe in,
While some, who decry him, think all Kingdom Come
Is a sort of a, kind of a, species of Hum,
Of which, as it were, so to speak, not a crumb
Would be left, if we didn't keep carefully mum,
And, to make a clean breast, that 'tis perfectly plain
That *all* kinds of wisdom are somewhat profane;
Now P.'s creed than this may be lighter or darker,
But in one thing, 'tis clear, he has faith, namely—Parker;
And this is what makes him the crowd-drawing preacher,
There's a back-ground of god to each hard-working feature.
Every word that he speaks has been fierily furnaced
In the blast of a life that has struggled in earnest:
There he stands, looking more like a ploughman than priest,
If not dreadfully awkward, not graceful at least,
His gestures all downright and same, if you will,
As of brown-fisted Hobnail in hoeing a drill,
But his periods fall on you, stroke after stroke,
Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak,
You forget the man wholly, you're thankful to meet
With a preacher who smacks of the field and the street,
And to hear, you're not over-particular whence,
Almost Taylor's profusion, quite Latimer's sense.

At the recent Unitarian Collation in Boston, Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, paid a tribute to Mr. Parker, which is reported as follows:

The news has come to us to-day, of the departure of him who had so long stood up in this hall, for what, to him, was the highest idea of truth, and right, and religion. Now that he has gone, and we shall never see in the streets of Boston his Socratic head again, and never read more of those burning, vivid words which came from his pen, fresh with the hot blood of a manly heart, I think all can write and say, in the words of our brother King, "Peace be to thee, my brother."

In many things he differed from us; in many things we differed from him; but after all, he was the fruit of our body. If he went further, and if in going further he went away from us, still he was in the line of our tradition and he believed himself faithful to the principle which he had been taught while he was in this home. He was a thorough specimen of a New England man—one not only with a manly heart and manly intellect, ready to grapple with all the great problems of life, and to utter freely and openly his word, as God gave it to him; but he was, beside this (what all do not know so well), a man with a tender heart, with a feminine tenderness of heart, with a heart which overflowed with affection towards those he loved.

We shall see him no more; we shall hear him no more; but I think there are many hours to come, in the great crisis of our history, when we shall miss his manliness, his freedom, his energetic devotion to truth and right.

I could not, sir, rise in this place, where he has stood so long, without doing great injustice to my own feelings, and I think great injustice to the feelings of many here, if not all, if I had sat down without these few words (applause).

Mr. Parker's Library was bequeathed by him to the city of Boston, to be deposited in the Free Public Library. It is one of the largest and one of the most choice private collections of books in the country; it covers a wide range of subjects, and includes works in many languages. The books are generally in the best editions, and some of them are very old.

AN AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE IN ITALY.

Correspondence of The Boston Transcript.

FLORENCE, May 14, 1860.

GENERALLY speaking, when one is born an American, one is inclined to thank Heaven for the privilege of such nationality. Especially is the American *at home* sensitively conscious of superiority over every man, woman and beast of any other clime. It is not until you come abroad, read how our politicians, or, as Dickens would say, "perhaps the most distinguished men in the country," are mildly cursing one another, and illustrating the principles of Fistiana in the Senate-chamber and House of Representatives of a Great Republic, that you are less indignant with *Punch* for having pronounced

England the land of Liberty;
America the land of Liberties.

It is not until you are asked by inquiring foreigners if *gentlemen* are ever nominated for Congress, and, if so, why they are never elected, that you blush at finding no apology in your conscience for the disgraceful deeds at Washington. When these same horror-struck foreigners direct your attention to an American newspaper containing three closely-printed columns of murders, rapes, incendiaries and forgeries, particularly pointing to a notice of a young woman's disablement for life by being shot in the street by the accidental explosion of a revolver, worn in broad daylight by a New York rowdy, and asking you if every man *really* carries a bowie knife, you feel humiliated at the reputation gained, and too frequently merited, by Americans. When three additional columns of "Personals" are thrust in your face, recording the most private, unnecessary and uninteresting intelligence of persons, many of whom are but obscurely known to the public, and scandalized foreigners demand if there be no privacy in America, and what right the press has to drag before the world private characters and family matters, you cannot boast with England (and she does so most deservedly) that every man's house is his castle.

It is not until you experience the abominable manner in which America, in many instances, is represented abroad, diplomatically, that you lose all control of temper at the present perversion of noble institutions, and ask yourself how long this is to last? Passing over the usual shortcomings of our diplomatists, the first of which usually consists in entire ignorance of the language of the country where they are supposed to enforce respect for the American flag, let me acquaint you with the last outrage committed by an American Consul upon the cause of liberty.

On the 11th of April, Palermo, then in the first days of insurrection, was startled by the report of Father Ottavio Lanza's arrest. He is one of the Princes of Trabia, and brother to the Prince of Butera, who died in exile after the revolution of 1848. How think you his capture was accomplished? By American intervention. In the full faith of American freedom and dignified resistance against right of search, the honest Father took refuge upon one of our merchant vessels then in port, as the surest means of safety from Neapolitan vengeance. Better had it been for him had he thought less highly of American sympathy, for, towards evening, the commissary Pontillo went on board and secured Father Lanza's arrest, by means of a *license from the American Consul at Palermo!* That the Neapolitan government should have resorted to such an act, that they should have cunningly drawn distinctions between the privileges enjoyed by merchant vessels and those of the navy, is duly in keeping with their traditional underhand manœuvring; but that an American Consul—a representative of that country which claims perfect independence for herself and pretends to encourage liberty throughout the world—should lend himself to the policy of the most vile and most tyrannical despotism in existence, is most outrageously insulting the Italians and giving the lie direct to every American principle.

Sooner should the Consul have given up his life than to have conspired with Bourbon emissaries. Is not public opinion sufficiently powerful beyond the Atlantic to brand for life this Jesuit in Republican skin? Execration will follow him throughout Italy, and most justly has the diplomatic corps of Palermo refused to hold any communication with the aider and abetter of the second worse than Bomba. It is sincerely to be hoped that, as reported, the American Minister at Turin had required his dismission from the United States service. This creature's name is Barstow. Who or what he is I know not, save that a letter from Palermo states him to be an old and uneducated sailor (what a dishonor for honest Jack!) whose arms are covered with the indelible tattoo designs in Indian ink, common among the most inferior grade of sailors. Lastly, though evidently enough, he is a convert from Protestantism to Catholicism; expresses, consequently, the greatest aversion to the Italian cause, and in his love for despotism outrivals its most rabid devotees, as is ever the case with renegades.

This man, this Henry H. Barstow, is an *American*, and not only an American, but a *Consul!* If he be nothing but an ignorant, superstitious sailor, how has it happened that he should occupy an official position? Are *gentlemen*, honest men, educated men and *republicans* so rare in America that none can be found to represent her abroad? *Must* the scum of the earth be placed in power? What a satire is this upon our vaunted civilization. Alas, alas! how heart-sick does it make the true loving American! But it would seem from observation that many Americans are republicans only by birth; that they are at heart as much in love with liberty and democratic institutions as the Jesuit, who knows no country. This phase among certain Americans becomes fully developed by European travel. Their admiration for titles is no secret, their matrimonial pursuits after coronets is sufficiently well known, and woe unto their country if they at last embrace the Church of Rome as the man *Barstow* has done. It is then that Americans become imbued with the most unflinching intolerance, and are ready to sacrifice every loyal instinct and prompting of reason to the soul-killing demands of stealthy priestcraft.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

O SPIRIT of the Summer time!
Bring back the roses to the dells;
The swallow from her distant clime,
The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun;
The gilded evenings, calm and late,
When merry children homeward run,
And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing, and the scent
Of meadow-lands at dewy prime;
O bring again my heart's contents,
Thou Spirit of the Summer time!

WOMEN AND THEIR LEGAL RIGHTS.

From The Evening Post.

LORD BROUGHAM is reported to have said that "before a woman can have any justice by the laws of England, there must be a total reconstruction of the whole system, for any attempt to amend it would prove useless." Lord Brougham was right. The great charter—the glory of his country—which has done so much for the citizen in establishing the supremacy of law over prerogative, provides only for justice between man and man. For woman nothing is left but common law, accumulations and modifications of original Gothic and Roman heathenisms, which no amount of filtration through ecclesiastical courts could change into Christian laws. They have been declared unworthy of a Christian people by other great jurists—still they remain unchanged.

But that learned and humane man has done much towards ameliorating the anomalous condition of his countrywomen, through the "Association for the Promotion of Social Science," of which he was the first President. As its five departments include jurisprudence and amendment of the law, education, prevention of crime and punishment and reformation of criminals, public health and social economy, it is easy to see that Englishwomen of all grades in society are likely to be indirectly benefited by its proceedings. Indeed its history warrants the hope that in some future age the memory of man will run in a direction quite contrary to the common law.

The year 1860 is a memorable one for American women. The New York Legislature in March framed and passed a bill equalizing the "rights and liabilities of husband and wife" in respect to property, inheritance of real estate and guardianship of children. Not only is the wife of a worthless husband protected by having "the earnings from the trade, business, labor or services her sole and separate property, which she may invest as if sole; but also by having the right to bargain, sell, assign and transfer her separate personal property, and (with the permission of the County Court or Court of Common Pleas in New York city) to do the same with her real estate." There are women—not a few—whose happiness as well as duty it is to support families of which the head has been stricken by sickness or misfortune; and as the right to make contracts has hitherto been denied them, every step was clogged with needless difficulties. These cruel disabilities are now removed. And, in opposition to the common law, which still obtains in this State, the right of personal security as well as private property has been secured to married women. "Any married woman may (now not only) sue and be sued in all matters having relation to her sole and separate property (but also) may bring and maintain an action in her own name for damages against any person or body corporate for any injury to her person or character, the same as if she were sole; and the money received upon the settlement of any such action, or recovered upon a judgment, shall be her sole and separate property. The civil law (which in some respects is no less oppressive than the common law) "authorizes the husband to require the society of his wife, and to exert such control over her person as may be necessary for the attainment of that object. It gives him a right of action against any person who entices her from him, and with whom she takes refuge, and process against her to compel her return to his abode. In opposition to this she can urge no objection, except such as may be good cause of separate maintenance, or of divorce."

Here, as in Louisiana, under the civil law, "at the decease of the husband or wife intestate, leaving minor child or children, the survivor, whether husband or wife, continues in possession of all the real estate of which the husband or wife died seized, and all the rents, issues and profits thereof, during the minority of the youngest child, and one-third thereof during his or her natural life." But in Louisiana the wife forfeits, by marrying again, the right (which the husband retains under the same circumstances) to the control of the minor children's property, for never until now has the spirit of the Hindoo law been repudiated in legislation, which declares that "a widow who slights her deceased husband by marrying again, brings disgrace on herself here below, and shall be excluded from the seat of her lord."

STRANGERS YET!

STRANGERS yet!
After years of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in far lands,
After touch of wedded hands—
Why thus joined? why ever met?
If they must be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
After childhood's winning ways,
After care, and blame, and praise,
Counsel asked, and wisdom given,
After mutual prayers to Heaven,
Child and parent scarce regret
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
After strife for common ends,
After title of old friends,
After passion fierce and tender,
After cheerful self-surrender,
Hearts may beat and eyes be wet,
And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
Strange and bitter thought to scan
All the loneliness of man!
Nature by magnetic laws
Circle unto circle draws;
Circles only touch when met,
Never mingle—strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
Will it evermore be thus—
Spirits still impervious?
Shall we ever fairly stand
Soul to soul, as hand to hand?
Are the bounds eternal set
To retain us strangers yet?

Strangers yet!
Tell not love it must aspire
Unto something other—higher:
God himself were loved the best,
Were man's sympathies at rest;
Rest above the strain and fret
Of the world of strangers yet!
Strangers yet! R. MONCKTON MILNES.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

DEATH OF LADY BYRON.

WE learn by the Glasgow that on the 17th instant Lady Byron, the widow of the great poet, died at London, in the sixty-sixth year of her age. She was born in 1794, and was the only daughter and heir of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, Baronet. In 1856 she succeeded to the barony of Wentworth. She was married to Lord Byron in 1815—the union proving, as is well known, most unhappy to both husband and wife, and he lived with his wife only some thirteen days. Their only child,

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart,"

was married to Earl Lovelace, and died eight years ago.

The marriage of Byron with Miss Milbanke was one prompted by motives of interest.

Lord Byron, in one of his letters, gives the following description of Lady Byron during the time of their engagement: "What an odd situation and friendship is ours! Without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which, in general, lead to coldness on one side and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be in her own right—an only child and a *savante* who has always had her own way. She is a poetess, a mathematician, and, withal, very kind, generous and gentle, and with very little pretension."

Even at his wedding the thought of his first love—of Mary Chaworth, of Annesley Hall, whom he so poetically termed his "Bright Morning Star of Annesley"—was present to his imagination. Annesley Hall and all its fond associations floated like a vision before his thoughts, even when at the altar, and on the point of pronouncing his nuptial vows. A marriage contracted under such circumstances could not but be unhappy. The poet has alluded to it in some of his most impassioned strains of regret. Washington Irving says that in one of his manuscripts, written long after his marriage, having accidentally mentioned Miss Chaworth as "my M. A. C.," "Alas," exclaims he, with a sudden burst of feeling, "why do I say *my?* Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least one heart, and two persons not ill-matched in years, and—and—and—what has been the result?"

It is unfortunate for the late Lady Byron that only by her union with Byron, and its unhappy results, is she known to the world at large. Her private life has been ruthlessly invaded, and all her domestic troubles exposed to the gaze of the world. It should be remembered that Byron treated her in a manner calculated to alienate the affections of any woman, and that it was the public odium following his treatment of her which induced him to leave England and live in Italy.

Lady Byron took an active interest in philanthropic and benevolent movements, and in 1856 she sent a gift of three hundred and fifty dollars to the New England Kansas Emigration Society. We can scarcely recall a lady of the present century whose name has been so often brought before the public, and in such a singular way, by her relations with others, rather than by any desire or effort on her part to obtain publicity.—*Evening Post.*

SONNET.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

DOWN with Uncharity! Whatever name
The tyranny may take, whatever shape
The fiend puts on, from odium to escape,
Its passions and its purpose are the same—
To despotize, and with its despotism
The spirit to degrade. It forges gyves
Of vassalage, and out of strife and schism
Creates its engines and its power derives.
'Tis Mussulman in Stamboul—Protestant
In Sweden and Hibernia—Catholic
In Italy—and in Polonia, Greek!
Oh, God of heavenly mercy, do Thou grant
Love to the unloving, and with light divine
Upon man's doubts and darkness deign to shine!

—*London Inquirer.*

THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

The 32d anniversary meeting of the Society was held on Monday evening, May 28th, in Park street Church, Boston, Hon. Amasa Walker presiding. Selections from the Scriptures were read, and prayer offered by Rev. Dr. Jenks.

An abstract of the report of the Secretary, Rev. G. C. Beckwith, was read, showing that the prospects of the success of the Society were never, perhaps, more certain than at the present time.

The report of the Treasurer was also read, showing the following facts: The receipts into the treasury during the year have amounted to $3,431.30, and the expenditures to $3,223.02, leaving a balance now on hand of $208.28. There has been a small increase in some departments of the Society's publications, and several new tracts have been stereotyped. A special effort has been made during the year to enlist the periodical press, and also the pulpit and higher seminaries. Besides the Corresponding Secretary, whose time has been devoted to the Society, there have been under commission a general agent and three lecturing agents employed during a part of the year, besides some local agents.

Before introducing the speaker of the evening, Hon. Amasa Walker made a few remarks relative to his trip to England within the past year, to visit Mrs. Sturge, widow of Joseph Sturge, and also to present resolutions to the London Peace Society, believing that the principle of armament in time of peace was a great error, which that Society concurred in. He proceeded to say that the supposition that Christianity was to bring peace to the world was false, that it was commerce, and asked what had kept England and America at peace for years but cotton. He continued his remarks in a logical and forcible manner upon this question, fully illustrating his point.

Rev. S. J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y., was then introduced to the audience, and asked if there was need of the horrible custom of war being pressed upon the people at this time—the latter part of the nineteenth century? When the question of slavery was brought up, the answer was, there was nothing said in the Word of God against it; but in this case, the question of war, they have no such answer. Jesus Christ needed no armament to support him; he relied not upon the arm of flesh. Love only can overcome hate; right only can overcome wrong; and an earnest endeavor to cultivate the spirit of love would put an end to all strife and bloodshed. Can we wonder that the Jews refuse to accept Jesus Christ, and say that the true Messiah has not come, when there is strife and contention going on among us? Is there no other way to settle our national, political and moral disputes than to fight? How can man or woman honor those who make war their occupation? So long as nations keep prepared for war, so long will there be war. He